AUGUST, 1926 VOLUME LXIII, NO. 6

THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

ABSOLUTE TRUTH

THE "Princeton University Press Almanac" for June contains a crisp little editorial discussing the lack of frankness in editors and publishers when dealing with authors, more particularly in the matter of the rejection of manuscripts. The writer says:

> Suppose that instead of the customary rejection note to the effect that "lack of space", "commitments already made", "it seems to us that it doesn't quite", — the usual generalities we all know so well, — letters like the following were mailed to authors:
>
> Dear Professor Bugg:
> Your work on the social standing of Roman cooks in the second century seems to us perfectly awful. It is badly written, repetitious, and if you think the subject is important enough to warrant four hundred pages and our verifying all your references you have another guess. If you can give us some suggestions about how to keep a cook in Bronxville in the twentieth century we should be glad to hear from you. Your MS. is being returned by express collect, value $2.60.
>
> Dear Dr. Fitt:
> Frankly we have not got $6000. to put into a book on the early history of the plumbing industry. Who gives a damn about it anyway?
>
> Dear Miss Mush:
> Poems about children who lisp give us a pain. If you would take up cooking instead of our time it may be possible that you could accomplish something worth while.

And closes with, "Whether writers believe it or not, editors and publishers know more about writing and the public taste in reading than authors do. The trouble is that their manner with writers is usually polite and therefore unconvincing."

Well, let the writer of that editorial try telling the truth to authors. What is the truth? If he were to be sure of the truth about every manuscript he would indeed be an Olympian editor. If he were sure how to write a letter that would not only embody the truth but would convey the truth to the reader of the letter, he would be a magician. If he were sure that his idea of the truth would have the proper effect on the beginning writer he would be a master psychologist. A writer of popular novels once told a fourteen year old author (and she published her comments in a book called "From an Island Outpost") that since he was from Vermont

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he had better take to hoeing potatoes in his native hills. "Laddie," she said, or a word to that effect — perhaps it was even "Poor laddie" — "literature is a poor crutch on which to lean." The laddie sometimes wishes he were hoeing potatoes in Vermont; but he's glad he didn't take Mrs. Waller too seriously.

To tell the absolute truth to authors via rejection slips and letters, a staff so wise and so large would be required that a publisher's profits would fade away in a week. Besides, nobody wants the truth, no one is interested in the truth; and, again, what is this thing "truth"? What are facts? What is fiction? In our opinion most books of fiction are nearer the truth than most books which purport to be factual. Now Miss Mush, above, may write excellent poems about children who lisp. She may be a bad cook. She may have a genius for reporting lisping children, and no native ability for handling waffle irons. There are those to whom poems about sibilant youngsters are not anathema. So it goes. Would you be telling Miss Mush the truth, or simply indulging your own personal prejudice in favor of doughnuts as against sentimental doggerel about tiny tots? In short, you lay yourself open to the suspicion on the part of Miss Mush and the public that you have either a cook or a wife who wastes time valuable in culinary pursuits upon the composition of sentimental rhymes.

THE LAST STAND AGAINST GEORGE BABBITT

IT is understood that Nassau authorities declared a smallpox epidemic on their island to keep Florida realtors from invading the British Empire. Mary Austin and other loyal residents of Santa Fe have protested loudly against the attempts of local club women to capitalize the presence of artists by the organization of a sort of Chautauqua in the fairyland of the southwest. In New England, the rush of booms has overcome most of the states. Yet the New England native, shrewd as he is, when found in his pure rock variety beholds the arrival of George Babbitt and his messengers with horror. Stories from Cape Cod and Vermont strengthen this impression.

A native fisherman of Cape Cod stopped a summering but native visitor. "We're having a boom!" he vouchsafed solemnly. "Well, I suppose that'll bring you prosperity", said the other. "Prosperity?" the fisherman shouted, anger quavering in his voice. "Prosperity? Maybe; but do you know what else it'll bring?" "It'll bring —" he paused dramatically — "*strangers!*" And in that word was all the inherent rebellion of New England against the rest of the world.

In Vermont, the candidacy of the forward looking, excellent, hotel owning Max Powell is being heatedly discussed. In the mountains you find hard working farmers whose lives would undoubtedly be eased by the booming of the Green Mountains to an equal point of crowdedness and fame with the New Hampshire ranges, yet who chew a grass blade reflectively and opine, "We dunno about Max Powell and this tourist business. We're pretty contented to be by ourselves."

When the last beauty spots of America have been filled with dance pavilions and hot dog stands, when the Babbitts are ensconced in every apple orchard and on every hillock, where will Sinclair Lewis and the natives flee? Is the slogan "See America First" turning to rend our peace? Can we not relegate all tourists to Europe and enjoy our own

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homes in quiet? "Back to the farm" is another slogan which has its obvious worth; but let's have a care lest all the farms become boarding houses, and all the mountain lakes swimming pools for the city bred.

REJECTED HEROES

WE fail to get much excited over the demand of a correspondent that someone immediately put a philosopher into a novel. Someone has, of course — ask any novelist — but our correspondent suggests Socrates or Kant or others of that ilk, and wishes the job to be done "somewhat in the manner of André Maurois or E. Barrington". How he justifies his unexplained jump from poets to philosophers and his facile coupling of these two novelists, we have no means of knowing.

It seems probable, since he mentions the book, that the notion resulted from a reading of Will Durant's "The Story of Philosophy", with its illuminating and often humorful facts about the great professional thinkers from remote antiquity to 1926. We share his enthusiasm for the volume, but doubt whether any useful purpose would be served by trying to make best sellers out of Socrates, Kant, Herbert Spencer, or Professor Dewey. Francis Bacon has already appeared in a novel this season, but only on one page.

On second thought, why might not "The Private Life of Socrates" appeal as a title to John Erskine? It is true that Xantippe was no Helen — hers was the face that launched a thousand quips, not always complimentary — but the main interest anyway would be in her husband, who might well, out of respect for certain conventions of the novel, be represented at a period in his development before he began to look like his bust. We are told that "Xantippe liked to talk almost as much as Socrates did; and they seem to have had some dialogues which Plato failed to record." Well, then, Professor Erskine!

We are not so sure of Kant, though the records provide hints for a distinctly modern plot. Dr. Durant says: "Twice he thought of offering his hand to a lady; but he reflected so long in one case that the lady married a bolder man, and in the other the lady removed from Königsberg before the philosopher could make up his mind." The trouble is that the great Immanuel hardly possessed the other attributes necessary to make such shillyshallying charming in a lover. That indefinable *je ne sais quoi* proper to the hero of fiction was not his by nature. His life "passed like the most regular of regular verbs". And he held up his stockings by "bands passing up into his trousers pockets, where they ended in springs contained in small boxes" — a little invention of his own.

The novelist would be forced to dwell not upon the man, but upon his philosophical system, which is singularly ill adapted for flights of fancy and emotional crises. The majority of novelists, for that matter, can never know exactly what it was that Kant was driving at, nor whether he was for or against it. Nor do any titles so attractive as "Ariel" or "Glorious Apollo" spring to mind in this context. There is a fine, swashbuckling ring to "The Noumenon of Königsberg". A more honest novelist might prefer "The Difference, if Any, between the Phenomenon and the *Ding-an-Sich*".

As we were saying, it would be difficult, if not impossible. Which proves nothing. Since when has it been the pleasure of genius to perform the merely possible?

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NAUGHTY NEW YORK

EARL CARROLL has been more than reprimanded for telling an untruth; a bookseller near Boston has been fined $100 for selling a famous number of "The American Mercury", although its editor was acquitted on a somewhat similar charge; the curfew law is again under way in the cabaret districts of the metropolis; the play jury has once more been at work and has ordered a fairly dull revue off the boards. We are bad children. Papa spank. Censorship might be all right if it were not so ridiculously inconsistent. Certainly no one will claim that it is better for persons to dance and drink until six or seven in the morning than to go to bed at the civilized hour of two A.M. Yet it is a question as to whether or not persons who like to sleep in the daytime and play all night haven't a right to do so if they choose. The man who resides next door to a cabaret naturally thinks not. When public manners begin to offend a great many, then censorship, whether you like it or not, is bound to step in.

Everyone in this free land has a right to do as he chooses, you may say; but everyone in the land hasn't, you know. Suppose we were each one of us censors of the things we disliked. It would not work, would it? We do not enjoy fights in public places; but if we try to stop them personally we simply become one of the fighters. Law or authority of some sort must step in to stop them. There are probably many persons who do not enjoy or who are disturbed even though interested by the display of nude pictures before the current revues in New York's Broadway reaches. Sooner or later enough of those people will protest, so that the pictures will be vineleaved or removed. *But*, if each of the persons who objected to those pictures removed them or broke them in pieces, we should have the courts busy with considerations of disturbings of the public peace.

The country at large does not approve of the method by which New York City is at present entertaining itself. Yet it is the country at large and not New York which supports these entertainments. A paradox, if you will; but all morality is a paradox. How many defenders of public morals in Dubuque, who would not allow the great revues in their undraped condition on local stages, rush immediately to ticket speculators for front row seats on their first weekend visit to the wicked city. We are being treated to a gorgeous battle scene between the puritan and the passionist. It is being revealed in grandiose lines of glittering burlesque. It makes the best newspaper copy since the Loeb-Leopold case, even better than the New York "Times" version of polar parties. A sex symbol on Broadway is always more interesting than the North Pole. Is the throne of Priapus shifting from Paris to New York? Probably. All gods have their following. Meanwhile, as little as we like the principle of political censorship, any question which so largely occupies the public mind is bound to enter politics. May it not be that we need a modern Carrie Nation to show us the error of both ways? Yet before the rest of the country reviles New York too strongly, let it put detectives on the trail of its prominent citizens when they venture into the den of iniquity.

THE FURIOUS ELIA

E. V. LUCAS, who among all the sons of men should know, has lately announced (in his preface to "The

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Charles Lamb Day Book") that all's well with Lamb — very well, indeed. Says he, "He may have damned the age and have written for antiquity, but he becomes every year a more popular author with his posterity." Though some of Mr. Lucas's readers may merely observe "So does Shakespeare", and pass on, we have a special reason for waiting for a favorable lull and inquiring "Why?"

We have in mind the opinion of an heretical friend who tells us that all the world loves "the gentle Elia" more and more because — he was not gentle. Perhaps he has been influenced by the circumstance that Lamb once begged Coleridge to blot out the epithet when he had written of "the gentle-hearted Charles" in a sonnet. At any rate, our friend threatens, if driven so far by reiteration of the adjective, to write a whole analytical volume entitled — too paradoxically for our own taste — "The Furious Elia".

It might not be difficult to show that Lamb was not, in *propria persona*, the meek, mild soul he has occasionally been painted. Doubtless he was not all angel. Has not Voltaire said that "you must have the devil in you to succeed in any of the arts"? Elia confesses himself to be "a bundle of prejudices, made up of likings and dislikings, the veriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, antipathies". We are, moreover, informed, "Those who did not like him, hated him; and some, who once liked him, afterwards became his bitterest haters. The truth is, he gave himself too little concern what he uttered, and in whose presence." He would "e'en out with what came uppermost". There are signs of Old Nick here.

All this, however, is far from proving that the essays themselves — and there lies the argument — are anything but fundamentally gentle. We recall at the moment no outbursts of Elia which seem to justify the use of the word "furious". The late poor gentleman did not love everything. He did not care for Byron, Scotchmen, lukewarm gamesters, biblia-a-biblia, or hissing at plays — particularly at his own. None the less we have always been certain that his hatreds, somehow, were mild, moderate, almost lovable hatreds.

Our friend contends that this is wholly to misunderstand the Lambent irony which plays about the peaks of Elia. This, he will have it, is born from complicated rages which would shatter our own commonplace spirit to smithereens could we but fortunately feel them. We reply that be this as it may, the rages do not issue in a cyclone nor in any other form than that essential Lambishness which Coleridge witnessed in the flesh and a century has loved upon the page. Besides, the matter is one for E. V. Lucas to determine. We warn our friend that if he persists in his plans for an analytical volume, we shall take a firm stand.

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BLONDES PREFER GENTLEMEN

The Sentimental Diary of Another Professional Lady

By Will Cuppy

With Sketches by Jefferson Machamer

CHAPTER ONE

BLONDES ARE WHAT YOU MAKE THEM

May 25th:

I often think that life is what you make it but still like so many true sayings there is not so much in it. I mean I would never have kept my diary myself for I did not even have one to keep for the last thing I thought I would keep was my diary. I mean Mr. Appleby gave me the empty diary and also another book that is all ready written intitled "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" by Miss Anita Loos a friend of his. And it is the diary of a girl named Lorelei who wrote down her thoughts about gentlemen just as they came to her one after the other. And she was named after the girl who combed her hair on a rock. But of course this one had been bobbed.

So it seems that it is an epoch making book and as I am quite a bookworm I always read all the epoch making books that are written by Mr. Appleby and his friends. For Mr. Appleby is the very very famous novelist of the same name. For I am only his stenographer and I have time to read all the epoch making books besides the one that Mr. Appleby himself is writing at the time.

So the book is all about this girl's thoughts who was a blonde and who was being educated chiefly by a wealthy button king who educated her with diamond and safire bracelets whenever he called upon her at her apartment. So Mr. Appleby said that there was a long felt want in literature for some other girl who was a blonde to write up her diary and to call it "Blondes Prefer Gentlemen" as a joke, as he has quite a sense of humor of his own though always well kept within bounds. But I said "Who am I, Aspasia Smith, to write up my diary when so many famous people have all ready done it?" But he said "Who are they either if you come right down to it?" So that is how it came up.

And so I will only take up a few of the leading problems of the day as they seem to appear to myself if you will pardon a personal reference. For I do not intend to solve all of the problems. For as Mr. Appleby said laughingly if you only take up the problems you have really done enough for them. I mean I will be content to cast a few reflections upon gentlemen. I mean I often think that gentlemen are not what they used to be. And of course my girl friend Lillian remarks that they never were.

For as I said to Lillian, I think that some of we blondes really prefer real old fashioned gentlemen to what we are in danger of meeting these days from every Tom, Dick and Harry. But Lillian said that as far as that goes she supposes that we would also prefer real old fashioned gin if we could get it. For she says that the whole question of real

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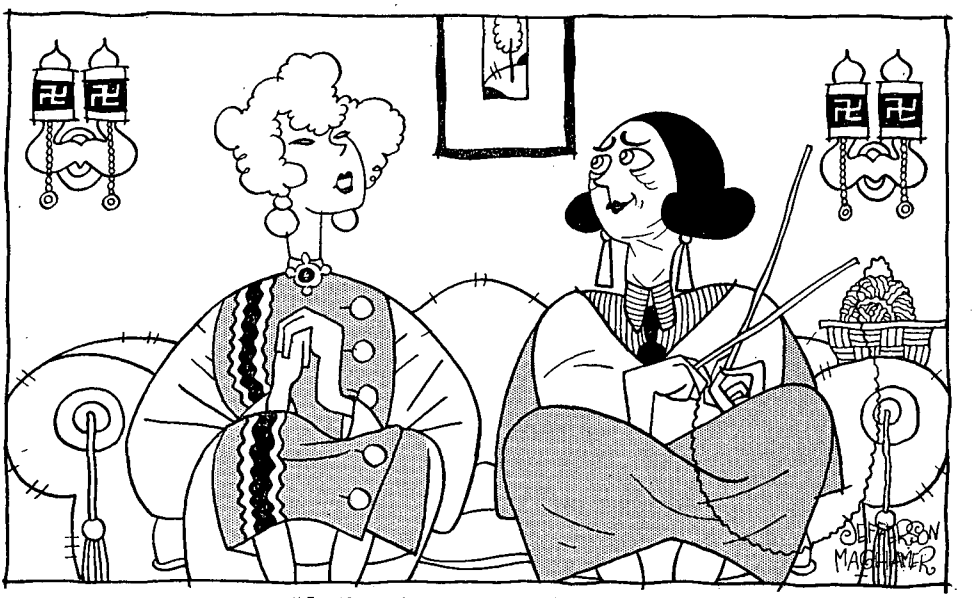

"I said to Lillian that looks are not everything"

old fashioned gentlemen these days is only an accademic question, meaning that there is not so much sense to it. For she says that supposing I did hear of one of them still existing in his native habbatat, then whose move would it be?

But I fear that Lil has become bitter through some of the disallusions she has been through. I mean it may seem like a miracle but I have lived in New York for ten years and I still have faith in my kind. I mean that I have managed some how to keep my sentimentality through it all. And if I can influence other girls to try harder to keep their sentimentality my diary will not have been in vain.

So being a blonde myself though not a raving blonde if you will pardon the joke, still I am different from some girls who write up their diaries in some of my important esentials. For I do not pretend to be in my teens for I really belong with we older girls and by older I do not mean entirely out of the question. For I am not anti-diluvian and yet I could not claim to be America's sweetheart on looks alone. I mean I said to Lillian that looks are not everything and of course she replied imediately "No, but almost."

For as she is a striking brunette she does not give so much credit to we blondes. And as I said to her "Lil I believe you would find fault with the personal features of Venus herself." And she replied "Good heavens do you call *her* good looking?" So that shows the way the wind blows with brunettes. But as both I and Lil pride ourself upon being tollerant such a thing as mere coloring matter would never come between I and Lil. I mean after all looks are not everything in a girl.

I mean that the matter of the fact is that a girl does not really have to be Venus these days and yet she can live her life. For the problem of we not really beautiful girls these days is not how shall we have our great adventure but how are we going to get out of it

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"The place for blondes is in the home"

when the time comes. But the subject of sex appeal in such connections has been taken up by so many authors since time immortal that we must hurry on.

But to regress for a moment, Mr. Appleby and his friend Mr. Rascoe were discussing today whether blondes had really ought to be allowed to write literature. And Mr. Appleby warmly defended we blondes who are authors and Mr. Rascoe said the place for blondes is in the home, so there was not much consents of opinion. And Mr. Appleby said "Did they ask to be blondes?" And Mr. Rascoe said "I would n't put it past them." So then Mr. Appleby was forced to admit that Elinor Glyn was a brunette and Mr. Rascoe was compelled to admit that Laura Jean Libbey herself was a blonde, so it all depends upon genius after all.

So then they emptied the rest of the shaker and tried to prove it by Aristottle but from the looks of Aristottle's pictures you could not really tell what kind of a writer he was because he was really quite bald headed. So then they asked my advice but I refused to comment myself. But I said that I really believe that it takes all kinds to make a world. I mean of course there are always exceptions which prove that the rule is no good. I mean blondes are really what you make them.

But I am not so crazy about all the talk these days that blondes are a mennace. For I would as soon be called a chatell as a mennace and nobody can say that I am a chatell. For as I said to Lillian, "You would really think to hear them that blondes are a mennace." And so she only said "How do these things get around?"

So as I only began to write about gentlemen half an hour ago nothing of great importance has happened to me in the mean time. And even if it had I would have to postpone it for I have an engagement to go to an opening at Lowes American with a Mr. Jasperson, only I might as well call him Jim. I mean his name really is Jim and a girl would never think of using his Christian name. So as Lillian has just remarked I am all dressed up and watching the clock. And as she laughingly says I must have spent years doing the above. So there he is now.

CHAPTER TWO

MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING

May 26th:

But it was not Jim for Jim did not come at all. And so I do not know what to think of Jim because Jim looks like he would not do such a thing but of course he did it. But it was Mr. Opdick whose looks are really neither here

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nor there. For as Lillian remarked Mr. Opdick looks as though he must have money but most of it seems to be out at interest where he cannot get at it. But it was not Mr. Opdick's money that intreeged me. But it was Mr. Opdick's perfect breeding that first impressed him upon me when we became friends on the corner.

So the first time he came to the apartment Mr. Opdick told me that he does not approve of what young people are coming to and he has been looking for just an old fashioned girl. So that was quite a coincidents as I had been looking for a real old fashioned gentleman. So he said that he believed in treating a girl like she was your sister and he did not believe in taking liberties. So this was his second call and he has not taken any. And he has not even taken me to the movies but has only taken me down to look at the river near by. And which river is neither pro nor con. I mean so many well to do people have moved over close to the East river that it is now considered every bit as good as the Hudson river.

So I gave up Jim for the evening and Lil was there and we spent the evening in an intelectual way. I mean Mr. Opdick has taken advantage of books and he is really as good as a five foot shelf to spend the evening with. I mean he told us about the seven wonders of the world for he knows them all by name including the Pyramids of Egypt. And then he told us who it was that introduced the potato into some country. I mean those things are very broadening and it is a real education for the time being but a girl cannot remember them afterward. For it is all I can do to remember the date of Columbus and the blizzard of 1888 which I have heard from a relative and not from sad experience.

"It was not Jim for Jim did not come"

So Lil and I were dressed for the evening and Lil mentioned the name of the picture at Lowes American and Mr. Opdick told us that the whale is not a mammal but a fish although he said you would never know it to look at it. But it seems to me that anybody could tell it was a fish and so far as I personally am concerned it has always been a fish. So Lil was on her high horse and so she mentioned the name of what is playing at the Shubert Riviera this week. So then Mr. Opdick told us that the laughing jackass is a bird and there is another interesting animal called the duck billed ringtail of Austria. So then Lil had the histerics as she is very emotional and when she came to she told him to tell us more. So then he did.

So then he told us about his business, which seems to be the clothing business. So Lil asked him, if he was in the wholesale clothing business what he did with

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his sample gowns and he said that he sold them and he said that he had some very nice ones for only fifty dollars. So then Lil said she guess she would go to bed. But she said that she would not go to bed at all if she had fifty dollars but she would set up and watch it. So then he gave her a look and he asked me to go down by the river again and look at it.

So Lil whispered to me to go on down and look at it and get it over with and she said that if I was not back soon she would call the police. For she said that still waters run deep and there must be something back of Mr. Opdick's statistics. So she said "Steve Brody took a chance." For she will not trust any man for she has been reading Froyd. Or as she says she has not really read Froyd himself but she has heard so much about him that she almost feels as if she had read him. And it is the same with me but I personally believe that there is too much sex appeal in Froyd. I mean there is no use in getting morbad. I mean I really think the labeedo is what you make it. And so we went down by the river.

So there was quite a full moon as luck would have it and we went and sat on a secluded bench where there was not a soul in sight. So I said that I was quite attracted by the moon for I really am and he said so are the tides in the ocean. And then he looked at me with quite an excited look and he told me that the moon was derived from the latin word meaning the same thing. So that brought up the eclipses, which are really so much greek to me.

So then Mr. Opdick told me the names of the rivers in the different hemispheres, and then I began to lose interest. For I think the Amazon and the Oronoco are really enough to know and we have to know them. I mean there is a time and place for the rivers. So when he asked me if I did not think that nature was wonderful I said, No, not very. So then he changed his tactics at last. So he told me the number of deaths from the different diseases per annim in all nations. So then we came home.

So in a way Mr. Opdick is a shattered allusion. I mean it seems that a man may be a gentleman but often when he is one he is really not anything else besides that. For he may have perfect breeding, but as Lil says Mr. Opdick is so well bred that he has come to the point where he cannot treat his fellow humans with common decency. And so if Mr. Opdick believes in treating a girl as if she was his own sister I would not lay a straw in his path but he can treat some other girl like that. I mean I am a great believer in American womanhood but there is such a thing as knowing when to stop. I mean there is a great difference between treating a girl like a perfect lady and treating her like a perfect vacume.

But I do not hold it against Mr. Opdick because he took advantage of books. For I realize that I did not learn every thing there is when I and Lil were college chums at the same college. But Lil is completely satisfied with her college education because she says that what was good enough for Sir Isaac Pitman is good enough for her. But she admits that if Mr. Opdick's statistics will really open all social doors she is as good as in society now.

So I think that Mr. Opdick is really what he said he was because he said that he is a nature lover and now Lil says that she suspected it from the first. But she says that he is trying to educate me with rivers only because rivers are so much cheaper than civvilized amusements. For he told us that it is immoral for a gentleman to give anything away excepting flowers and candy

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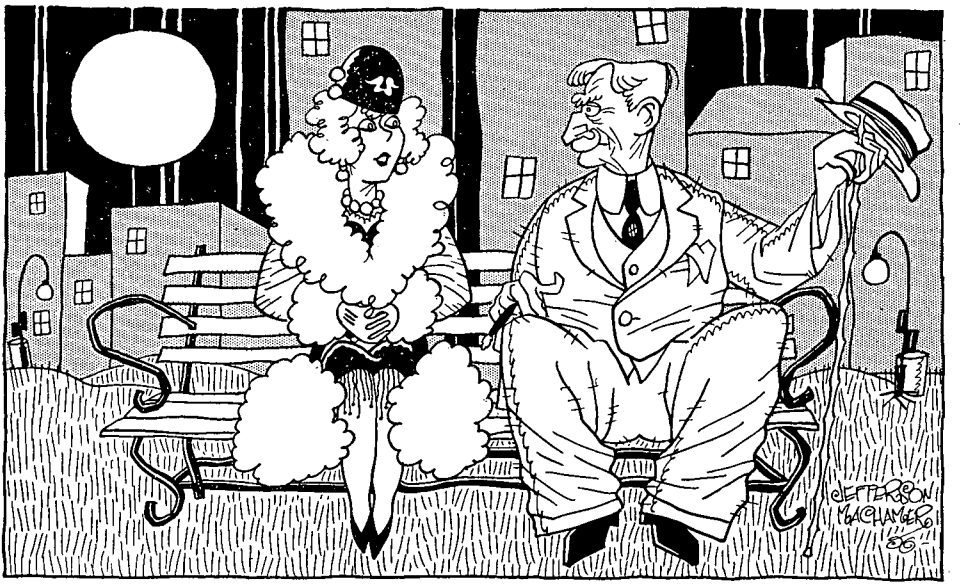

"I said I was attracted by the moon and he said so are the tides"

and that the flowers use up all the peroxide in the air and are dangerous to sleep with. And so I suppose that candy is fattening and the movies are bad for the eyes. So Lil says that he is like the Scotch gentleman who always gave his friends a pair of homing pigeons for Christmas and she says to think that over and it will come to me.

And so there seem to be some people who think that money is really everything. I mean that some people do not seem to realize that they cannot take it with them. I mean there does not seem to be so much danger of we girls being educated with diamond and safire bracelets for as Lil says with the great majjority she fears it is only a case of try and get them. I mean for most of we girls even candy and flowers are only a mad beautiful dream. I mean that button kings are really quite an allusion.

And of course I realize that this leaves us faced by the problem of what is an old fashioned gentleman after all, and Mr. Appleby says that that is as good a problem to be faced by as any of them. And you would hardly think that Lillian would be so spiritual but she says that from what she has seen of the spirits that Mr. Opdick is not a gentleman at all but he is ectoplasm. And she thinks that he is something like the whale for he is not a mammal but a fish.

So Lil thinks that Mr. Opdick treats me as if he was married to me all ready. But I think that a girl must settle down some time and I do not care for these married jokes. But Lil says they are only too true for you cannot get away from them. So she says that if she ever succeeds in going on the stage she has thought up a way to get a big laugh from the whole audience. She will get some body to ask her "Who was that gentleman I seen you walking with?" And then she will wait until every thing is quiet and she will reply "That aint no gentleman, that's my husband."

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MANNERS FOR THE EMANCIPATED

By Irwin Edman

IT was to be expected that an age which had witnessed a revolution against traditionalism in thought and religion would witness also a revolt against traditionalism in manners. In the long run manners may prove to be more fundamental. Thought and religion are luxuries which many can live without; slight changes in the codes of our daily routine may eventually transform the whole atmosphere of our lives. A change in the form of a greeting may in the long run be as far reaching as a revolution in a philosophy. New ideas of politeness may affect human conduct more universally and intimately than new conceptions of the structure of matter.

Of late there has been in evidence a radical transformation in our whole attitude toward manners. Indeed, among many free minds there is coming to be a fixed belief that manners instead of making the man may unmake him. The graces, one hears, soften a man's virility into elegance and smooth his strength into gentility. Manners have become associated with the now discarded genteel tradition. The nineties are in some quarters scorned less because they were naughty than because they were "nice". The he-men in literature and thought have tired of anything that reeks of the perfume of the hairdresser or recalls the silver salvers of the drawing room.

The revolt against the genteel is not new in America. More than twenty years ago William James came out for the Rocky Mountain tough as over against the pure Bostonian in philosophy. Earlier still, Mark Twain had taken his stand with the simple downright provincialism of the Innocents Abroad. Even Henry James, scarcely to be classed as roughneck, was always clearly on the side of the crude American, lost among the polished villainies of the Old World. The quarrel is the old quarrel, between nature's nobleman and the gilded rotter, between the sturdy provincial and the urbane dubious townsman, between plain honesty and frilled artifice.

The attack against the genteel has of late been led by the liberals in thought and action, and has, in many cases, had a distinctly intellectual basis. Culture and elegance, which from the Renaissance down have been considered indispensable partners, have latterly in our time and country been at war. The Renaissance conception of the gentleman has come to be at a discount in an industrial, democratic, disillusioned, postwar society.

Almost everyone knows the famous ideal of culture as recorded in Castiglione's "Book of the Courtier". If he does not know the book, he knows its intent, so deeply has it become embedded in the Anglo-Saxon tradition. The beau ideal there envisaged was that of a gentleman at once elegant, informed, and graceful, who could ride a horse and write a sonnet with equal agility, who could grace the study of a philosopher with his conversation no less than he could grace the salon of a princess with his bearing. This noble

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conception of the gentleman-scholar, the poet-prince, the sportsman-philosopher, came to Italy from England and has remained ever since a characteristic English ideal. There may be more wit than truth in the saying that Oxford "makes of young men scholars and gentlemen, or at least gentlemen"; it has always tried to do both. Culture in England and, until recently, in America meant what Matthew Arnold meant by it: sweetness and light. It meant the graceful and leisurely pursuit of wisdom, the urbane conversation of generous minded and well groomed men of the world.

It is a pretty ideal, and it is precisely that prettiness that the emancipates have come to detest. It is a code of life that was born and nourished in manor houses and on stately lawns in England, or among the fountains and marble groves, the poplars and cypresses of the villas above Florence. It is in the best sense a leisure class ideal, and a leisure class ideal has come to seem increasingly remote from the concerns and the applause of a hurried industrial society. In the contemporary scene one is an old fashioned gentleman at one's peril. It is worth our while to examine the reasons why the ideal of the scholar-gentleman has come into disrepute.

Education has in the first place ceased to be the special privilege of a lounging leisured class. In America it has become the common experience of young men and women from farms in Nebraska and sooty cities in Pennsylvania. Books and ideas are no longer merely the finer luxuries of a gentleman; they are the instruments of young people eager to make a place for themselves in a hustling competitive order. "Fifteen minutes a day" of reading is advertised to make, not a gentleman, but a success. The elements of a decent education have become the daily pabulum of miscellaneous millions, not the guarded good fortune of a select few. And measured by the standards of the million, other virtues have come to the fore than the aristocratic ones of grace, bearing, and gentility. We have begun to value edge more than mellowness, and precision more than charm.

But it is not merely the passing of the old gentry that has brought the revolt against gentility. There has been at once a more passionate and a more philosophical source for the revolt against "manners". In the heart searching and plain speaking that followed the war, the free mind learned to look with suspicion on all the faded appurtenances of gentility. The Victorian "parlor" seems now to have been the coffin of the soul; life seems there to have been embalmed amid bricabrac and black walnut furniture. To the liberal the whole code of courtesies and reticences of prewar days seems to have been the cloak of a cruel, self blinding dishonesty, a smug evasion of the disorder that was the outer world and the somewhat malodorous tumult that was the inner spirit. On the altars of good taste how many lives have been sacrificed! Families have in service to it been kept unhappily together, and young lives crushed into conventional servitudes. To avoid unpleasant topics of conversation, how many festers in the body politic have been tacitly approved! In the drawing rooms of the eighties the whole world was talked of as if it were as smooth as a drawing room itself. In the country houses, the lewdnesses and cruelties of surrounding country people were never mentioned. And the polite inhabitants never dared refer to the impolite and tormenting actualities that lay below the "company" surfaces they kept for the world.

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The new generation has seen its generation of well bred parents go into shipwreck for want of a little plain speaking and rough directness. Even to young men to whom the war is but a memory of childhood, the reverberations of the war that created that memory have made impossible the formal accepted values, the valued accepted formalities of the prewar period. Where the elegancies and reticences have failed, the newer generation is all for trying a little unashamed candor.

Contemporaneous with the break up of the old social order, came the rise of the new psychology to give an impetus to plain speaking and stripped thought. We know too much and too clearly now the unpleasanter recesses of ourselves to be content any longer to move on the polite fictional façades of a Howells or a Henry James. The novelists (*vide* Floyd Dell, Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, May Sinclair) have been inviting us to an honest, open eyed questioning of those opiate niceties by which the truths of our being are dimmed. The biographers, led by Lytton Strachey, have called us to the spectacle of great lives shorn of their veils and seen without rose colored lenses. The essayists, Havelock Ellis pointing the way, have asked us to view the clear radiance in which our lives might be set if we would only slough off the tutored falsities, the futile formal suppressions, of an artificial order.

We are, in short, in the midst of a New Rousseauism, and once again in the history of thought we are asked to become noble savages. We are indeed asked to become savage rather than noble. There is an intense bitterness in many of the recent onslaughts on respectability. Anything that suggests the bourgeois or the aristocrat must be abolished. The soul of man, from the viewpoint of the emancipated, must express itself in its natural passions and unashamed lusts. There must be no prudish cloaking of primitive edged desires. The truth alone shall make us free, and the truth requires a refusal to respect all those little prettinesses by which our lives in society are hedged.

It is not in the drawing room that the freest life is lived, nor is it with drawing room manners that truths are faced or discovered. The laboratory is not always a pretty place, and the thoughts that a thinker evolves in his study are often too bitter, too piercing, or too perplexed to make "nice" dinner table conversation. Particularly bitter, therefore, has been the attack of the intellectuals on the latter day exemplar of gentility. Away with the neo-aristocrat, with his perfectly creased trousers, his perfectly cultivated voice, his constant iteration of the correct phrase, his meaningless performance of the correct action. The slickly smooth, the urbanely good — what endless vituperation have of late been poured upon these, and with how much of justice. The American version of the scholar-gentleman has flourished in the shabby transplanted gentilities of an American campus. A certain stamp of mediocre elegance has been held to be vastly more important than either emotional intensity or spiritual depths.

Just as the collegiate type has invaded the clothes advertisements, so the college campus type of urbanity has become the matrix of American spiritual life. The shaggy manners frequently characteristic of the intellectual, the careless eccentricities of men more concerned with thoughts and passions than with form, have been condemned by the smart, soft centre of the urbane tradition. And naturally

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those who have outgrown the sleek futile monotype, or have been impressed by it, resent this condemnation with fury. They lean over backward in their attempts to be free. In certain quarters rudeness has come to be almost a symptom of intellectual integrity, an insult a form of bravery. For the slicked up "gentleman" has been substituted the ideal of the intellectual and emotional pioneer, frank and careless and direct. The cultural ideal has, to put it in language that will be familiar at least to New Yorkers, moved from Gramercy Park to Greenwich Village. By the codes of the codeless, the truth, however impolite, must be blurted out; the respectabilities, however casual or sensible, must be flouted; the dank places of the soul, however nasty, must be exposed.

No one, I take it, would resume the old niceties of the nineties in literature and in life. Much has been gained by brushing away the old pruderies and timidities. No one would exchange the candor in the speech — and eyes — of contemporary young men and women for the polite evasions and drawing room reticences of an earlier day. One can, in this latter day freedom, talk about things that count without mincing matters. That sex and all the more personal relations of men and women can be dealt with without gloves is that much clear gain. That criticism in literature and politics is released from empty courtesies, that one is now privileged to hit hard and cut clean, that is all toward the good.

It is high time, too, that the plus four ideal of the intellectual life went by the boards. Many colleges in examining candidates for admission have latterly come to regard as the only suitable material those young men who from their speech and clothes and manners (the patterns for all of which have been acquired in the conventional boarding school) seem to fit snugly into the college's own suave traditions. Any professor knows that it is not usually in these that he sees glimmerings of the divine spark. Shabbiness, even shagginess of appearance, crudeness, even acerbity in manner often tenant the same house of clay as a distinctive mind and a profound spirit. There is an incisive quality about incipient genius that hardly goes with the smoothnesses of the genteel tradition. "*Le style c'est l'homme*", wrote Buffon. But style may also suffocate or kill the man. And we have learned of late to be patient with, even eager for, styleless sincerity. There is in a certain mannerless integrity a something that plumbs below the smooth surfaces to the jagged layers in the subsoil of reality. Socrates would not have graced the best clubs; the parish Socrates of our own day are not always at home at a tea party nor would they grace the links.

And what holds true in life holds also in the literature that contemporaneously reflects it. There is, from the standpoint of latter day emancipation, almost nothing that is unfit to print, provided only that its motives are honest and its subject genuine. There is almost nothing we will not forgive in style — *vide* Dreiser — so long as what is said rings with the rough but unmistakable accents of truth. No one would exchange the freedom of candidly faced realities for those refined shadows so pale when we meet them in literature, so spiritually hopeless when we meet them in life.

And yet — *le style, c'est l'homme!* Why does that after two centuries persist in sounding valid? What is there in the passing of the scholar-gentleman ideal that seems clear loss?

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It is this, perhaps: that disregard for style (what we call manners in people and taste in letters) has led to a genuine impoverishment of our civilization. The genteel tradition may have had its hollowness; it has also its own clear idealism. It emphasized the qualities of finesse in the intercourse of men, of a certain distinction and sense of form in letters. Like other ideals, it may have lapsed into a meaningless or oppressive formalism. But its essence is worth attention and revival by a generation which has brushed it aside.

In a certain excellent school known to the writer, there is a prize given each year by an anonymous donor to the most "civilized" student. It is a non-competitive prize. The donor has made quite clear to the awarding committee what his ideal is. He does not mean by "civilized" that haughty sophistication that has come of late to be connoted by the term in America. He means by a civilized youth one who has spiritual manners. He means by it the union of the clear mind and the gentle heart. It is silly to suppose, as do the latter day disillusionists, that the two cannot march together.

One would not manicure the tiger or turn the mastiff into a lapdog. But the *cuore gentile* may be allied to the most ruthless intelligence, as it was in Dante. The greatest honesty and the greatest sweetness may find a home in the same breast.

That warm kindly culture which is the essence of the best intellectual tradition has a curious attractiveness in an age whose culture has become strident and cold. It would not hurt candor to have a civil tongue in its cheek, nor must one use a bludgeon because one is crusading for the good. Even Havelock Ellis, for all his plea for freedom and radiant spontaneity, hymns praise to the Chinese in whom the problems of manners and etiquette have become the nicest and subtlest of arts. When all the cruder issues of civilization will have been settled, when there are no more wars or rumors of wars, when people are properly fed and clothed and nurtured and governed — what remains to be done in such a millennium? Surely nothing but to make of life a humane art, to turn the daily songs of men and their personal relations to each other into something continuously warm and fine and beautiful.

Those who scoff at the elegancies and courtesies of life are falling victims to the same Philistinism against which they are avowedly battling. They have no time, no patience, for those gratuitous refinements which give life flavor and distinction. When we eat, we demand a pleasant prospect; there is no less nutrition in food because the table is garnished with roses. There is a sound instinct in the yokels who pathetically buy and live by the books of etiquette. At least they know that style of some sort converts mere brute existence into a kind of beauty. The intellectual life is no less lively because it is set occasionally in the lovely ceremony of high tea on an English lawn in spring. Even the truth can be stated without ugly words, nor must one have ugly manners to find it or battle for it.

If the Castiglione ideal is out of date, it is not altogether to the credit of our age or of its belligerent liberals. The essence of good manners, generosity of spirit, a sense of style and a sense of proportion, these are the essence of all art. They are the essence of the art of life. It is a tragic comment on our scurrying industrial society — and on the intellectual life it generates — that that most gracious of all arts is coming into disrepute.

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EDITH WHARTON

By Wilbur L. Cross

I CAN hardly claim personal acquaintance with Edith Wharton. Once only have I met her. It was on a sweltering June day when she came to Yale to receive an honorary degree. The place was a little restaurant called an inn, where we sat and drank hot tea with cream and sugar, while two others who were of the party took their tea with ice and lemon. I inquired about a number of her literary friends in France and England whom I knew only by their books or from casual correspondence as an editor. She talked pleasantly about them. I waited for her to ask questions also, and at last they came. She hit upon about the best thing we have to show in New Haven.

In one of her stories of Old New York, Mrs. Wharton tells of a young man who on going abroad was commissioned by his father to purchase for the family gallery as many Italian paintings — masterpieces all — as he could for five thousand dollars. Young Lewis Raycie expended the "vast sum" upon a collection of Italian Primitives, and brought them home, to the consternation and anger of his father, who disinherited him in all save the portraits, which were regarded by everybody who saw them as utterly worthless. Strange as it may appear, the public at that time, outside a little group of English pre-Raphaelites and a dandy named John Ruskin, could see no beauty in "a girl in profile, with her hair in a pearl net, against a background of columbines". That girl was sent back to Europe as an undesirable immigrant. Lewis Raycie, however, never lost faith in his treasures, which after his death were consigned to an attic, where they were discovered and sold for five millions of dollars. A little later another young American named Jarves had a similar though not so disastrous experience. While in Florence, he, too, made a collection of Italian Primitives which nobody in New York wanted. Eventually they were purchased for a few thousand dollars by Yale University, where they now hang in a gallery of the Art School. Naturally Mrs. Wharton was interested in this other Mr. Raycie and wished to see his equally rare collection. From the tea room she went over to the art gallery.

Art is the path that leads to Mrs. Wharton's novels. How closely she has studied the technique of other novelists, past and present, is manifest in the many critical essays she has written for the magazines. No novelist of importance has escaped her observation. She has learned from all what to take and what to shun without directly imitating any except by way of experiment in the first years. Her art is antagonistic to the art of a Joyce or a Bennett — an old art revived as if it had never existed in Samuel Richardson — which would note and set down all mental or visual reactions just as they come, making no distinction between their relevancy. That way lies chaos. Rather she would select "the illuminating incidents that reveal and emphasize the inner meaning in every situation". This with certain differ-

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ences was the aim of George Eliot, who sought out "the crucial moments" in the behavior of her characters and studied the consequence of their acts for weal or for woe. Mrs. Wharton dislikes artificial plots running along in pairs within a single novel, of the type common among the mid-Victorians; and yet she repudiates the view that a novel should have no plot as in the personal narratives now prevailing, which begin and end in no man's land because their authors do not know whence their characters came or whither they are bound. The man who wrote "Vanity Fair" may not yet be ignored. Thackeray knew that Becky Sharp would drift away to Continental watering places and disappear at last. Mrs. Wharton's novels always begin and end.

In her art one may at times see Henry James. But for him she would never have gone so far into psychological refinements, though she has never subordinated her characters and story to his obscure complexities of style and manner. When she passes through the minds of the people she is creating, she takes a lantern with her and eventually brings the reader out into the light of day. As time went on, James sacrificed his characters to the exigencies of elaborate designs, giving us, as it were, perfect houses with only the fantoms of men and women to inhabit them. Mrs. Wharton has discovered an art midway between James and Thackeray. In her best work characters, situation, scene, and incident unite in a single beautiful pattern as if they had come into her imagination in that way. Her novels belong to the realm of art as much as do the Italian paintings she admires.

The steps along which Mrs. Wharton attained to her exquisite art are now clearly visible. She began back in the "mauve decade" of the nineties with the short story, wherein, as the situation is the main thing, the characters must be drawn by a few premeditated strokes. Her first volume, "The Greater Inclination", was promising. Her second volume, "The Descent of Man", was less experimental. Here occurred that clever story called "The Other Two", in which a woman, twice divorced and again married, serves tea to her three husbands seated together around her table, and never lifts a hair. Among many short stories published in the course of the years was "The Long Run", which plays in irony over the surprise of a man when a woman takes him at his word and on an evening actually comes to him, trunks and all. I am not certain that Mrs. Wharton has ever done anything better than the analysis of the emotions of that man, who, to save himself, would save the woman.

Mrs. Wharton continued to write short stories, but they soon proved inadequate for the full scope of her imagination. Subjects were at hand that required more room. So she proceeded to the novelette or long short story like "The Touchstone". And then she took the plunge into the novel proper. "The heart of fools", it is written, "is in the House of Mirth." It was a happy title for projecting on the screen a group of pleasure loving New Yorkers, mostly as dull as they are immoral, and letting them play out their drama unmolested by others. They have their own tabus and conventions, however, which insist that everything shall appear perfectly decent on the surface, whatever may occur when the sirens drop beneath the waves. The moment a girl is talked about, all agree, she is done for. Thus it happened in the case of the beautiful Lily Bart, "a captured dryad subdued to the conventions of the drawing-

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room", who ended her career with chloral. After reading the novel when it first appeared, I wrote on the flyleaf of my copy: "A really tragic situation . . . but character and incident seem fantastic, after all." Doubtless I felt then as I feel now that a girl really sound at heart was checkmated at every turn by a fate predestined for her, as if the author rather than circumstance was determined not to give her a chance. Still "The House of Mirth" is a very great novel.

It gave Mrs. Wharton her first fame. She was born, readers were told, in New York, and belonged by descent to several Colonial families. One grandmother was a Stevens and the other a Schermerhorn. Her mother was a Rhinelander. As a child she was taken by her parents to Europe for long visits, and in those years she learned French, German, and Italian. One of her early novels, "The Valley of Decision", has as its scene the Italy of Alfieri; and French critics have uncovered in her mature art the influence of Flaubert and Maupassant. When in the United States the family lived in New York during the winter, going to Newport for the summer. In 1885 the daughter of the house married Edward Wharton of Boston; and Lenox in the Berkshires became a summer home. Since those days, it may be added, Mrs. Wharton has divided her time between the United States and France. During the Great War she devoted herself to the care of French and Belgian refugees and children. In recognition of her distinguished service, she received the cross of the Legion of Honor. If America can teach France, so France has lessons for America, as she shows by a running contrast of the two temperaments in "French Ways and Their Meaning". The two nations are again interpreted in "The Marne", when for the moment Mrs. Wharton was perplexed by the aloofness of the United States in the first years of the Great War.

While Mrs. Wharton was concerning herself mostly with New Yorkers, at home or in Europe, readers were surprised to find her reviving memories of her life in the Berkshires. Interest, too, was then fast fading in "the local colorists", who for a generation had been depicting humorous traits of Yankee character in formless narrative. "Ethan Frome" was something quite different from any of these — something indeed comparable to Hawthorne. Who told Mrs. Wharton the tragic story of the young farmer who paid for his brief happiness with mutilation and misery? Or did she divine it from a face she met twenty years after the smash up, having a look which "neither poverty nor physical suffering could have put there"? As one saw the silent man in the snowbound village, "he seemed a part of the mute melancholy landscape, an incarnation of its frozen woe, with all that was warm and sentient in him fast-bound below the surface". And there is that other New England tale named "Summer", in which cold and darkness on the edge of the hills at last turns into warmth and light in the marriage of the country lawyer and the girl he brought down from the mountains. What was their subsequent history? — I wonder.

Except for asides like these, Mrs. Wharton has preferred New York and a cosmopolitan world for a freer play of her imagination. To this broad social scene, where she had placed "The House of Mirth", Mrs. Wharton returned in "The Age of Innocence" — to a world where people live "in an atmosphere of faint implications and pale delicacies", under a precise and inflexible ritual which everybody must

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observe who would shun disaster. Without doubt this novel contains some of the author's greatest scenes, such as the one between Newland Archer and the Countess Olenska at the little inn overlooking the sea. From title on through event after event, character after character, to the final scene symbolizing all the frustrated lives, "The Age of Innocence" is a masterpiece of irony. No one is likely to forget how May Welland, perfect in the cruel code of her class, won Newland Archer and kept him by playing her last trump card, and sent the Countess Olenska back to France. There was no escape for a man or a woman once caught in the net.

In "Glimpses of the Moon" Mrs. Wharton transfers her characters to Como, Venice, and Paris, and lets her story tell itself out there. The situation is near enough to what may happen to hold attention to the end. Susy Branch and Nick Lansing are social parasites, though Nick has a job as a hack writer on an encyclopædia and is thus known as "a writer". Susy persuades Nick to marry her in the new way, "on the definite understanding that whenever either of them got the chance to do better he or she should be immediately released". She wheedles out of her friends checks instead of rugs and silverware for wedding presents, so as to give them a year in Europe. After that they will take their chances. A month at Como and they begin to see each other's faults. There is a slight estrangement, which becomes an open break at Venice. They separate and after a time come together in Paris to find themselves in love, to see how trivial were the occasions of their quarrels when weighed against the pleasant memories of each other. Though they were made better by their experience, they were, I daresay, only moderately happy after they returned home.

For contrast Mrs. Wharton likes to place the same characters against two distinct social backgrounds. With the first run of the "Great Western" — the "Mauretania" of the forties — across the Atlantic, New Yorkers began their annual migration to Europe. Most of his friends, Washington Irving once remarked, he could see in Paris every summer when he was there. Forming a rather compact body, New Yorkers at home and abroad easily lent themselves to the international episode, as Henry James soon discovered. In "The Mother's Recompense" Mrs. Clephane flees from her New York husband for the freedom of the Riviera. Years later, after the death of her husband, she is summoned home by a daughter, now grown up, whom she had left behind. Though the strict code of her class, as she knew it in her youth, has relaxed, she meets with new prohibitions equally relentless; and by a stroke of fate the man with whom she once passed a week at an inn in Normandy appears on the scene as the lover of her daughter. So for Mrs. Clephane it must be back to the Riviera, this time never to return home. New York, in spite of easy divorces, is still New York. The title of her novel, Mrs. Wharton says, was taken from Grace Aguilar's "The Mother's Recompense", which depicts a social world long since antiquated. A century ago a mother's recompense was a family of eight or ten children, every one virtuous, happy, and prosperous. Life has since become more complex. Mrs. Clephane's recompense was to have her daughter take from her the only man she had ever loved. The renunciation did not make her conspicuously happy.

Mrs. Wharton's New York is not

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always New York as we see it today. However modern may be the situation she invents, she is inclined to project it into that past which she knew intimately or had heard about as she listened to family stories by her elders. Distinctly historical are the four little novels called "Old New York" giving us character types as they existed in four successive decades of the last century. Each tale symbolizes the fashionable life of the decade, in a single character study dominating a small group. In the forties, it was the young man who returned from Italy with cases filled with early Italian paintings when he should have bought only imitations of Raphael. In the fifties it was the girl who never married. In the sixties, the spark who introduced polo. In the seventies, the wife who knew of but one way to keep a husband, desperately ill, in comfort until death might release him. We have in English fiction nothing much resembling this manner. Instead of writing one long novel, Mrs. Wharton writes four short ones, each independent enough to be read by itself but all coalescing in a single impression of a period if they are read one after another.

Here as elsewhere, Mrs. Wharton has taken a sane account of the latest psychology. There is, of course, a careful portrayal of the background. Old New York lies before us, "a gridiron", when fashion hesitated to move north of Union Square into Gramercy Park, when Fifth Avenue was "a thoroughfare of monotonously ugly brown houses divided by a trickle of horse-drawn carriages", and the jaywalker was perfectly safe. But Mrs. Wharton is more concerned with the men and women that lived there then and a little later. She tries to tell us what they were by telling us what was going on in their minds beneath a calm exterior. She does not carry her analysis to that excess we have in the quite different workmanship of Virginia Woolf; rather she looks for and discovers the primary secrets and reveals the dumb dramas that may be enacted underground, half consciously, with an occasional ripple on the surface and a rarer explosion. Twice we get sight of the real man in "The Spark" whom his wife calls an idiot, when "the waters part and a granite rock [is] thrust up from them". The indiscretions of Mrs. Hazeldean are sufficiently described, but what most interests the reader is her perturbed mind when she is suspected by her friends, when she felt that "each quiver of a half-formed thought might be as visible behind her forehead as the faint lines wrinkling its surface with an uncontrollable frown of anxiety". And finally there is that portrait of the genteel spinster whom no one ever suspected, whose sensitive soul, remarks Mrs. Wharton, was like "a muted keyboard on which Fate played without a sound", until she told her story to her cousin Delia.

Through Mrs. Wharton's fiction runs a vein of fantasy, sometimes playful or humorous, though rarely grotesque. This vein crops out in "Here and Beyond", a group of six longish short stories just published. The seal of Lily Bart of "The House of Mirth", it may be remembered, was "Beyond! beneath a flying ship" — a ship which takes one beyond the normal or the usual into the realm of visions, superstitions, and dreams, with here and there an implication of the supernatural. It would be far from the mark to say that Mrs. Wharton is intrigued by the abnormal, much less by the pathological, in and for itself alone, for she always returns to the "Here" — that is, to the real and the actual.

A Christian missionary, for instance,

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goes out to Morocco to plant the seeds of his faith. After the labor of twenty five years he awakens from his dream to see that Africa has beaten him. The great Mohammedan world continues in its daily round undisturbed by his presence until in a mad moment he decides to invite martyrdom. He tramples the Koran into the dust and is struck dead by an angry mob. Again, an admirer of a poetess and a painter not long dead seeks out the man and the woman who inspired their art in order to penetrate the secret of it, only to find them, by a curious coincidence, married and completely absorbed in a life of pleasure, forgetful of that past about which he wants to know.

There is a whimsical tale about Professor Hibbart, of Purewater University, Clio, New York, a Kantian philosopher who withdrew, as far as he could, into the stronghold of pure reason, so that the mind might function without the intrusion of the senses. Sight, taste, and smell, though naturally very acute in him, he subdued to the mere needs of bodily protection, and he shut out sound with a pair of velvet ear pads, drawn close over large ears. An attack of influenza, followed by bronchial pneumonia, sent him to southern France where he hoped to recuperate and to complete, in "a remote *pension* among the hills", a refutation of Einstein's theory of relativity, on which he had been engaged when struck down by his alarming illness. But in the express from Marseilles to Ventimiglia a pretty woman flicked off an ear pad and compelled him to listen to her. Is what follows fact or hallucination?

Two of these stories are among late survivals of New England witchcraft. Someone appears to have cast a spell over Saul Rutledge, who lives in a desolate house on a wild stretch of road among the hills. For a year the farmer has been withering away, to the perplexity of his wife Prudence until she discovers that her husband is making clandestine appointments with the ghost of his old sweetheart, Ora Brand, in an abandoned shack down by the pond. Just before Ora died, she told Saul that she would come back to him, and (so says Mrs. Rutledge) she has kept her word. At length Ora's sister Venny suddenly dies and is buried in the same grave with her to keep her company. Thereafter Ora's troubled spirit no longer walks. Was Venny shot dead by her father? Or did she die of pneumonia? The other story tells of the curse that fell upon a house in a seaport on the New England coast when an ancestor of the present owner married an ugly Spanish lady and brought her home. The curse works itself out in the suicide of Waldo Cranch, who leaves behind him as the last of his race two misshapen sons that live on and on but never grow up.

"Things that the rational mind would reject without a thought", Mrs. Wharton remarks, are not so easily disposed of when one looks upon a Saul Rutledge or a Waldo Cranch. The former, I should say, was really psychoanalyzed by the deacon of the parish, and the latter was a victim of an inherited taint. But Mrs. Wharton offers no complete explanation; she gives only hints for such use as the reader may desire to make of them. No mystery is related mainly for its own sake. It is the central point in a pattern for the display of those obscure emotions that underlie all human life. In these last stories, Mrs. Wharton writes much as the author of "The House of the Seven Gables" might write were he living in this twentieth century, amused perhaps more than impressed by the new psychology.

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OURSELVES AS PSYCHOLOGISTS SEE US

By Joseph Collins

MAN is more interested in himself than in anything else in the world, and next to himself in his neighbor. Small wonder, for he knows so little about himself save as a mechanism whose dynamo is the riddle of all riddles.

When Pope said that man was the proper study of mankind, he uttered a statement worthy of the characterization alleged to have been made by the wife of a former mayor concerning an appreciative remark of the Queen of the Belgians. If one may judge from the number and variety of books that have been written about man instructing him as to his origin, motivations and reactions, exhorting him to a safer and saner adjustment to his environment and a keener recognition of the dependence of his welfare upon modern science, mankind agrees with the poet's dictum. Had Pope permitted himself greater specificity he would have said, it is upon man's conduct that we should concentrate for it is conduct that intrigues us; conduct, its antecedent and descendant, is psychology. Hence books on psychology are so many and so popular.

The three most important recent contributions to normal psychology are "Science and the Modern World" by a professor of philosophy in Harvard University, "Human Vibration" by a practising engineer of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and "Matter, Man and Mind" by a science popularizer of Peterborough, England.

Professor Whitehead's book, which was reviewed in the March BOOKMAN, has two great virtues: it is easy to read and it discusses subjects that interest or intrigue every educated person. One reader will find his attention engaged by the author's interpretation of the romantic reaction which had its flood tide at the end of the eighteenth century; another by the chapter on relativity and the quantum theory, which have been receiving so much attention the past few years. The criticism to be made of the book is that, though the author realizes that nature is organic as well as mechanical, he does not always differentiate with clarity between the two aspects. Still, he endeavors to do so; and it is such endeavors that make us hopeful for the success of an imminent new formulation of the philosophy of nature.

It is gratifying to read the homage Professor Whitehead pays to Giordana Bruno, in whose death modern science had its birth. The apostate friar of Nola has not had his deserts from posterity. The career of Bruno's reputation supports an essential feature of the quantum theory, viz.: that effects which appear essentially incapable of gradual increase or gradual diminution are in reality increasable or decreasable only by leaps and jumps. Bruno got his first big jump from Baruch de Spinoza, and the second he is getting now in America from philosophers like Whitehead, psychologists like Witmer, and scientists like Wood.

Conrad Richter's book "Human Vibration: The Underlying Mechanics of

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Life and Mind" is an inquiry into the supply, flow, and expenditure of life energy; how it influences the phenomena of life and how it conditions our spiritual qualities. Having noted that one man finds happiness in hard work, another in religion, another in nature, another in other ways, the author suspected that the real cause of happiness must be something deeper and less obvious. He soon realized that the underlying factors of life are themselves compounded of deeper factors which can be narrowed to a few "parents". By endless combination the parents form the pattern of life, just as the proton electron and charged energy combine endlessly to form the pattern known as matter. These parents are: rate of energy expenditure; energy flow; and energy supply. Some of their offspring are: association, harmony, inharmony, desire, energy stimulations, consciousness. Association is the compounding of one expenditure rate group and its flow with other groups. Harmony is full energy flow, while inharmony is lean energy flow. When the expending rate is higher than the flow, strain results. Desire is lean energy flow, compounded with the association of energy-bearing groups from which is obtained energy for effort. Energy stimulation is the natural energy flow content of groups which vary with present or past expenditure rates.

Evolution is a compound of the three fundamentals with time and with several compounds including associations. It raises expenditure rates and widens the association to additional contacts. The rate does not necessarily remain high, but it can be touched off again by association. For instance, if we have had painfully high energy expenditure, associated with certain troubles, our high energy expenditure groups are touched off when we see or hear of these troubles. If we have evolved sufficient groups of high energy expenditure to dominate the organism, we experience inharmony similar to that experienced when we suffered the disorder or unhappiness. The only way to avoid the inharmony that comes from seeing or hearing is not to look or listen; the only way we can cure such inharmony is by helping the person who has it.

Mr. Richter points out the fallacy that evolution, primarily the raising of energy expenditure rate, is an harmonious process. Real evolution is necessarily painful. An organism cannot continue to supply with full energy flow expenditure rates above its capacity. The process of evolution is seldom harmonious while the high rates of expenditure are on.

The harmony process is a compounding of energy rate, flow, supply, and association of other rates with their flow and supply. A great many combinations are possible, forming many degrees and shades of harmony. But we can say roughly that there are two general processes, A and B. The A process takes place when a dominating energy-expending group associates other energy-bearing groups at more or less high rates and appropriates some of their energy while the flow is strong. A few examples of this are the sweetness of stolen fruit, the adage of a woman keeping a man in pursuit, the pleasure of suspense in story, play and life, the increased enjoyment in lying in bed when the hour to get up has passed.

The B process is frequently present in the A process. High expenditure rates drop, sometimes quickly, sometimes over longer periods. Their energy flows, however, always subside slowly. When the expenditure rate drops quickly, the flow that was lean for the high expenditure rate becomes

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full or harmonious for the much reduced rate. A few familiar examples of harmony from the B process are rescue from danger, relief from trouble or pain, the flow that blesses work accomplished. Here we have a glimpse into the necessity of inharmony in nature. Harmony on our level is dependent on strong energy flows, which are the product of last high expenditure rates which were probably in harmony at the time. Thus harmony is the evolutionary product of inharmony. The painfully high expenditure rates break down when their association causes cease, but the energy flows persist in association.

Sex operates by the A process. The act of consummation concentrates into a brief time a full stimulation of energy (fairly high harmony) which by association is imbedded in the race. As a result of either mental or physical association with the act, no matter how distant and veiled so that the connection may not be understood, stimulated energy flows provide harmony to those in whom are not invoked still other associations of inharmonious disgust.

The highest and most wonderful development of evolution is understanding. It does not mean knowledge but kindness; an organism of such an incalculable sum of expenditure groups and rates that association with situations touches off in it accurate reflections of the same experience, and dominates it to the point of trying to help the other in order to help its own inharmony. Understanding kindness is the true relative superiority of man.

Modern science and education are multiplying and re-multiplying the numbers of adepts in science, invention, art, music, business, and other fields. But a kind and understanding heart is a much higher development, and the numbers of these are not so easily multiplied though there are more churches than schools. Kindness, like the germ of heredity, is not left to doubtful shaping by man but is protected from hands that might subvert it to their own ideas of what it should be. Evolution of kindness and understanding goes on by nature's old, slow but sure method.

Mr. Richter's book is one of the most suggestive and instructive that I have come upon since Alexander's "Space, Time and Unity". To read it successfully requires concentration, and one gets more from the second reading than from the first. I suspect that if one read it often, he would get illumination.

Mr. Shearcroft's book is a kind of scientific cocktail; he has used some of the ingredients that Sir William Bragg uses in his book entitled "Concerning the Nature of Things"; some of those that J. W. N. Sullivan used recently in "Aspects of Science"; and some of the ingredients that Professor R. S. Lull used in his engrossing book "The Ways of Life", published last year. But the dash of absinthe is of his own distillation. However concocted, it is a very pleasant and stimulating mixture, easy to take, and unquestionably good for everyone. Mr. Shearcroft is convinced that the future of humanity depends upon a realization of the aims of science and an appreciation of the worker in the research laboratories of the fields of nature. The story that he tells is the triumph of man as the principal form of life on earth. The pioneers of the roadway of life are the scientists. The poet and the artist make it pleasurable and easy to walk and drive on that roadway and to live beside it.

One cannot learn as much about the primordial mind from his brief chap-

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ter as one can from the masterly work of the Sorbonne professor Lucien Lévy-Bruhl which is entitled "Primitive Mentality", nor as much about inheritance as from Sansom's or Thomson's "Heredity"; yet one can learn something though the chapters on these subjects are the most unsatisfactory ones in the book. But from the chapters on evolution and the tree of life one will get trustworthy information and helpful suggestion. It is individuals who know little or nothing of the structure of the globe on which we live, the history of its crust and the complexity of the atoms of which it is composed, and those who are unfamiliar with the way in which science is viewing the immaterial universe, who will get greatest pleasure from this book. It is not profound and it is not always accurate, but on the whole it fairly reflects present day teaching. This is a matter of small moment, but even a man who lives in Peterborough should not speak of Freud as a German psychologist; and incidentally Freud would very likely not agree with him when he says: "It is the secret conviction of most of us that what I do not know about my own mind no one else can tell me." The truth is that Mr. Shearcroft walks more securely and gracefully in the concrete than in the abstract science.

Dr. Leonard T. Troland, assistant professor of psychology in Harvard University, has a good title for his book, "The Mystery of Mind". The pity is that it does not solve the mystery, and the truth is that it does not come within a long way of solving it. It is just a good, safe, sound, straightforward presentation of academic psychology. It is not cluttered up with diagrams, graphs, curves, and tables and it can be read without training in mathematics. That is saying a great deal for a book on psychology. The author says the book is primarily intended for the reader who has not made a special study of modern psychology. The reviewer says that the author's intention was good, his execution not quite up to his intention.

He has been as successful, however, as Dr. Mary Collins of the University of Edinburgh, who is assisted by Dr. James Drever. After a lifetime spent with and near psychologists, I am forced to the conclusion that one cannot be both a psychologist and a popularizer. You can be one or the other, but not both; and Dr. Collins's book called "Experimental Psychology" and the one just previously mentioned convince me of it. H. E. Wohlgemuth of London is the only exception I know, though Harry A. Overstreet who teaches philosophy in the College of the City of New York has so many of the qualifications that he could probably become one of these dual personalities if he chose. His book "Influencing Human Behavior" which has been out of print for some time has recently been reprinted, and it is a pleasure to call attention to his unusual facility in presenting the data of modern psychology in such a way as to make them available in some measure to the vast majority of us.

Two important treatises on abnormal psychology have recently been published. The first is Pierre Janet's "Psychological Healing", which has been admirably translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Professor Janet is as well known in this country as he is in his own land. His book is scarcely the kind that one reads from cover to cover. It contains about thirteen hundred pages, it is both historical and clinical, and it deals with many different subjects. But the reader who is keen to know something of the history and uses of suggestion and hypnotism, who

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wishes to inform himself of the treatment by rest and isolation which had great vogue in this country thirty years ago and which was afterward taken up with such intensity and publicity by the Swiss physician Dubois that it seemed to many that its virtues were discovered by him and not by our own Weir Mitchell, will find it easy to satisfy his appetite for information by consulting Janet's work.

The Freudian doctrine is not being discussed in this country as it was a few years ago, when it bid fair to be the sole subject of social conversation. Now it is fortunately being considered thoughtfully and deliberately by those competent to estimate its value: namely by psychologists, educationists, and critics. Janet is a parent of Freud but Freud has never recognized his descent. Nevertheless the fundament of the doctrine originated with the distinguished professor of psychology at the College of France. And one of the most interesting and instructive chapters in this extraordinary informative book is that which deals with the Freudian hypothesis, its origin and application.

The second treatise, from the pen of the learned professor of psychology in Harvard University, William McDougall, is entitled "Outline of Abnormal Psychology". It is to be looked upon as Part II of his work on psychology, the first part of which, "Outline of Psychology", was published some years ago. The two volumes are complementary; this last one, which it would be difficult to overpraise, will help bridge the gap between academic psychology and understanding of the neuropsychoses. The works of Janet and of McDougall encourage us to believe that some day the problem of the economical administration of the energies of the mind may be solved, that physicians will be in a position not only to increase the mental resources of their patients but advantageously to coordinate and concert them. The teacher and preacher will be able to do as well.

The most interesting part of the "Outline of Abnormal Psychology" for the general reader is that devoted to Freud. The learned Harvard professor has swallowed the Freudian bait and the hook, but he balks at the sinker: the Œdipus complex. There are reasons for believing that Freud himself is seeing a new light on the Œdipus complex in which it no longer stands forth as the ark of its covenant. Should he see fit to abandon it, the celebrated Austrian will have in this country a full fledged, well balanced, resourceful, suggestive interpreter and disciple, adapted by temperament and training to test the Freudian hypothesis and to apply its principles.

A law should be passed immediately in all states, preferably beginning with Tennessee, that no one shall introduce the subject of Freud into any conversation unless he or she has read every word that Janet and McDougall say about Freud in their two latest publications. He or she should also be obliged to commit to memory the following lines from Janet's book:

> Psychoanalysis is the latest incarnation of the magical and psychological practices that characterized magnetism. It is probable that it will meet with undeserved appreciation and decline.

and this from McDougall:

> I do not regard psychoanalysis with indifference, still less with hostility. I believe that Freud has done more for the advancement of psychology than any students since Aristotle. I believe that Freud has made contributions of great and enduring value.

When doctors disagree, time always decides. On this occasion I vote with McDougall, though it seems to me un-

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necessary to have brought in the name of the great Stagirite. Still he had precedent. Another learned psychologist, Stanley Hall, said it fifteen years ago. Professor McDougall deserves the gratitude of every student of human nature for making a well planned attempt to bring into systematic order a large and difficult province of science hitherto cultivated in patches. He may be assured that he has advanced the repute of a science with which he has been so long and so fruitfully identified.

Another book for the general reader written by a psychological physician, Theodore B. Hyslop of London, is entitled "The Great Abnormals". There is not very much psychology in it, nor even a very great deal of sense. It is a gossipy kind of book about tyrants and despots, crusaders and alchemists, visionaries and epoch makers. Dr. Hyslop neglected a splendid opportunity to discuss the peculiarities of men of genius without mixing up the subject with the "Toms of Bedlam" and the Royal Commission of Lunacy. The defect of the book is that it betrays the scissors and the paste pot too conspicuously. It also has none of that thing which Theodore Roosevelt said he found difficult to acquire: *sequitur*.

Many years ago I found on the bookstalls of the quays of the left bank of the Seine a book printed a hundred years ago, "Les Fous Célèbres", a history of men who have singularized themselves most conspicuously by their monomanias, their originalities, and their extravagances. The title page bears the legend: "The world is full of madmen, and he who wishes not to see any of them should lock himself in his house and break his mirror." Not one of the men enumerated in that book is mentioned by Dr. Hyslop. It is extraordinary that he should have missed a character whose name has made so much noise in this country the past few years, the Marquis de Sade.

Dr. Hyslop gives a far better account of his ability and understanding in a little book called "The Borderland", whose subtitle is "Some of the Problems of Insanity". In reality it contains important summaries on the inheritance of mental characters, faulty education and brain fag, mental hygiene in childhood, and similar topics which cannot be set forth too often or too clearly. The British publishers would have been well advised had they lopped off the last forty pages before submitting their sheets to an American house.

There have been recently published two interesting books on the problem of delinquency. Dr. Charles Platt's is richly sown with good ideas, straight thinking, sane attitudes, and pragmatic suggestions, but his narrative is poor, his presentation discursive, and he has a fondness for rhetoric, both his own and Carlyle's. Most of the chapters read as if they had been prepared for popular lectures; it would have been easy to compress the thought and trend of most of them into a page or two. Dr. Platt is often didactic and sometimes dogmatic, now and then distressingly so. For instance: "A man's character is evidenced by his reaction to his environment. To estimate his worth we must know what his environment is and has been. Heredity is but the expression of affect of environment, of an environment of the past." Now it may please a man to make statements of that sort and he may experience a sense of relief once he has made them, but to make them with a tone of finality as if they were in reality true is to invite annoyance on the part of readers. Were the book purged of its pretentiousness, its *clichés* re-

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moved, the highfalutin material and three fourths of the literary references deleted, it would be more readable, instructive, and suggestive.

Dr. Cyril Burt, a London psychologist and educationist, calls his book "The Young Delinquent". It is a treatise of the child who has moral failings, and its purpose is to state in plain and popular language the causes of youthful delinquency and the more effective ways of treating it. This large volume contains many charts, tables, pictures, graphs, diagrams, and a poem of Maurice Rollinat. It has all the hallmarks of organized labor. Coadjutors, secretaries, social workers, archivists, etc., uplifters of every kind, will find much to interest them in it and not a little to instruct them, but the general reader will put it down and take up Sabatini or Oppenheim, Santayana or Sinclair Lewis, and hope that he will soon see an announcement of a book by the author of "The Constant Nymph" or of "Ariel".

Then there are three books "touching on and appertaining to" psychology. The most significant book of the year treating of the mental world and its "underworld" is Jane Hillyer's "Reluctantly Told". It is study of insanity as it occurred to the writer herself, her fight with the slow and disastrous disintegration of her mind, her victory over it, and the feelings that accompanied the disease and its cure. Miss Hillyer has a true gift for words, a sense of proportion, and deep sincerity. Her book is incidentally a piece of literature, and because she has a sense of the futility of it all and much humor, it makes fascinating reading even for a layman. Its most important quality as a study of mental disease is the clear and conscious hold the author kept at all times over the unreality of the world created by her psychoses. She went through periods of complete and utter annihilation of personality, and of course those periods are passed over without much emphasis, but the onset of these attacks, and their entailments when they were over, are discussed in detail. This book gives physicians a new angle on mental disorders as the patient sees them. It hides neither shameful recollections nor humiliating experiences. It neither attempts self justification nor does it pretend at self accusation. Miss Hillyer surveyed herself from afar, after she had recovered; she did it objectively, too, and she did it with a purpose in mind: to obey the injunctions of those who were interested in her recovery.

It is a pleasure publicly to acknowledge an indebtedness to Irwin Edman, poet and philosopher. He says, "There are numerous and important undergraduates who move with grace and pleasure through the regions of the mind." It is for the words "numerous and important" that I am indebted. I am inclined to think, however, that Mr. Edman makes a large generalization from a small experience, for although he is a professor, he is very young. Were I to judge from my own contacts, I should say there are very few graduates who "move with grace and pleasure through the regions of the mind". Rhythm which underlies their grace, and hedonism which mediates their pleasures, apparently make way for staccato and materialism when sheepskins are handed to them.

Mr. Edman has set himself the task of taking a sensitive son of the middle class through the characteristic spiritual adventures which such a boy is likely to have in college and, partly because of college, afterward. He is convinced that it is with such youth that the humanization and enrichment

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of American life during the next generation lie. Even in this land of restrictions, everyone is entitled to his opinion or conviction. I have one concerning the number of Richard Kanes, their potentialities and possibilities, and it is diametrically opposed to that of the author of this book.

Richard Kane was neither like his parents nor the boys of his environment. He was neither a softy nor a mollycoddle; neither pretender nor *précieux;* but he missed being all of them by a very small margin, and he had a streak of selfishness and a vein of self sufficiency that must have been very trying to his parents, and to many with whom he came in casual contact. He called himself a "nearly" and that is what he really was. He was a "nearly" with a superiority complex, a thing most "nearlies" frequently have, and he had a hiatus in his genesic endowment which conditioned his bewilderment and unhappiness and interfered with the successfulness of his life from the point of view of happiness. Until biologists shall solve the sex riddle and physicians supply the hormones that the "nearlies" of the world lack, we shall always have them "in our midst". Richard Kane was "nearly" sexed both in quantity and in quality. Had he had a greater endowment, he would have had the capacity to experience man's greatest fortune: to fall in love deeply, thrillingly, overwhelmingly. Had the endowment been of a better quality, he would have had sex orientation that would have given him a leg up in the race of life. Although silk purses are now being made out of sow's ears, it is still impossible to make "humanizers of life" out of nearlies.

Richard "had gone almost all through college believing that female society and the society of intelligence could not be found together". He believed that "all college had done for him was to unprepare him for life". Richard was unprepared for life long before he was prepared for college. He was a radical who did not have the courage to put over his convictions; he was a wrecker, not a builder. All that he knew when he got through college was that he did not want to do anything his parents would have liked to see him do, and he had a skunner against law, medicine, theology, business, all for purely personal reasons. Why he did not go in for pedagogy is not quite clear. And so he went to Europe with thirty first rate volumes on the art of western Europe in his trunk and thirty kilowatts of contempt for his fellow countrymen in his heart. But he did not get anything out of Europe. The possessors of superiority complexes are immune to "getting", so Richard came home and went to work in a furniture shop. Soon the boss called him in and told him gently but firmly that he belonged somewhere in a higher life. He then drifted into musical publicity and for some reason wholly beyond my comprehension he displayed the qualities of the go-getter, the possessions of the super salesman, and the resources of the hundred per cent American. Finally, said he, "I should marry despite all sorts of reasons against it. If I could take that high-school girl who was once *éprise* of me [he had picked up a little French at the Café de la Rotonde] and take her education in hand, be a Prince Sophisticate and rescue her from the Castle of Respectability, I suppose I might marry her." So he sought out Helen and when he found that he could walk with her in the country and she would not babble of complexes and inhibitions, of imagism and introverts, he married her. When they were settled

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in their little home, a number of Richard's miscellaneously intellectual friends would drop in Sunday evening and over the sandwiches, salad, and coffee there would be much high and much confused gospel. It was a queer little group, all save Richard and Helen. Edward Carpenter would have fitted into it as the yoke fits the egg.

Richard had no need for God, but still he hunted for Him. This seems to be the paradox of the book. Yet at twenty eight he experienced a change of heart. Santayana and the cathedrals of Europe started it. It seems incredible, but Richard is not to be measured with the tape that measures other men. He began to envy the few people he had ever known who had faith. But just what Richard needed faith for is very difficult to fathom. When he was twenty eight he had a mental illness. He would have been well advised had he gone to consult a psychiatrist as he thought of doing. Mr. Edman may rest assured that the psychiatrist would not have told him that Richard needed fresh air, though it is likely he would have assured him the universe is all right. It is much more likely that he would have said: "You come to me to ask me the nature and source of your unhappiness and to be relieved of it. The source is a secret of your Creator. Out of every hundred men He makes, two of them are like you. Grace would save you instantaneously; time will do it gradually; if you can inoculate yourself with humility you will have found a short cut to comparative happiness; you are rather old for the inoculation 'to take' but we'll try it, and meanwhile I suggest that in your reading you substitute Thomas Browne for Walter Pater and Francesco Bernardone for George Santayana. And be sure to read every morning of your life the first section of Browning's 'Paracelsus'. Your case is described therein."

And finally there is "Thobbing", Henshaw Ward's precious book. No one should try to get along without it. He has thrown more sand into the gear box of the wishful thinkers than any writer of his time. Not that I dare hope that his book will have any influence on them-or that what he says will induce them to be less articulate. But what he is sure to succeed in doing is to convince many that things they have accepted as true are in reality false and that there are as many "stuffed shirts" among the academics as — and perhaps more than — among the Babbitts. A thobber is a person who thinks without curiosity, who has an opinion because he likes it and a belief because it is handy. In other words, he is a wishful thinker. Everyone thobs to some extent, many thob so industriously and conspicuously that they make life painful to those who have to hear and read them. Mr. Ward's interest in the subject of thobbing was excited by the pleasure he anticipated in pointing out how universal thobbing has been the last twenty five hundred years, and it intrigued him to see how a conceited intellect makes fictions and goes into battle to defend these fictions. He has had no such pleasure in describing thobbery as I have had in reading his description. It comes the nearest to being a knockout blow for pure speculation in the field of religion, sociology, morality, science, philosophy, and education of anything I have read in recent time.

No one interested in the warfare that is now going on between the purposive psychologists and the conditioned-reflex psychologists — that is, between the academics and the behaviorists —

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should think of making up his mind as to which is right before he has finished Chapter XI. Although Mr. Ward's fears for psychology are not well founded, his raillery and ridicule are justified. Psychology has been slow to enter the field in which its richest harvest is to be reaped: the field of pathology. And it is inexplicable that it has been so slow when one considers the boost that physiology got from pathology.

Mr. Ward says that his effort to escape from thobbing has made his life more pleasant. His efforts to describe it have made life more pleasant for me.

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Human Vibration. By Conrad Richter. Handy Book Corporation, Harrisburg.
Matter, Man and Mind. By W. F. F. Shearcroft. The Macmillan Company.
Concerning the Nature of Things. By Sir William Bragg. Harper and Brothers.
Aspects of Science. By J. W. N. Sullivan. Alfred A. Knopf.
The Ways of Life. By Richard Swann Lull. Harper and Brothers.
Primitive Mentality. By Lucien Lévy-Bruhl. The Macmillan Company.
The Mystery of Mind. By Leonard T. Troland. D. Van Nostrand Company.
Experimental Psychology. By Mary Collins and James Drever. E. P. Dutton and Company.
Influencing Human Behavior. By Harry Allen Overstreet. The People's Institute Publishing Company.
Psychological Healing. By Pierre Janet. The Macmillan Company.
Outline of Abnormal Psychology. By William McDougall. Charles Scribner's Sons.
The Great Abnormals. By Theo. B. Hyslop. George H. Doran Company.
The Borderland. By Theo. B. Hyslop. George H. Doran Company.
The Riddle of Society. By Charles Platt. E. P. Dutton and Company.
The Young Delinquent. By Cyril Burt. D. Appleton and Company.
Reluctantly Told. By Jane Hillyer. The Macmillan Comany.
Richard Kane Looks at Life. By Irwin Edman. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Thobbing. By Henshaw Ward. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

SUB SPECIE AETERNITATIS

By Harold Thompson

ALL brown and golden in the bright, warm sand
  Beside an Indian lake,
She holds the sunshine in her baby hand;
  For her sweet sake
A thrush is singing; at her little feet
  Her yellow collie lies;
The black and silver forest princes greet
  The beauty of her eyes.
She heeds not bird nor tree, nor swaying line
  Of mountain goldenrod,
But, like a flower or a reverent pine,
  She talks with God.

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THE SUN IN SPLENDOUR

By Thomas Burke

PART IX

The instalments of Mr. Burke's atmospheric novel which have been appearing in THE BOOKMAN *have necessarily been greatly shortened to meet space requirements; but it has been the attempt of the editors to retain as much as is possible of the quality of this unusual and distinctive piece of highly organized prose.*

ERIC SCOLLARD tossed a yellow packet to Arthur Negretti. Negretti caught it; took a cigarette; tossed it back. "How d'it go off?"

Negretti, with one movement, swept a match along the table, lit up, and flicked the match to the stove. "Went good-oh. Not a let-up from start to finish. Old man had got it fixed to a second. Fair marvel, he is. Real kick-starter. Give him half an idea and he's got it all. No questions. Sees it before you stop talking. Weighs it up and fixes it. Wunnerful chap. Steady, too. Held me back once or twice, and always been right. . . . Ah — got about a hundred and twenty coming from last night."

"Good. 'Nyet your old man's always saying he wants to stop it. Hates the game and . . . "

"Brrr!" Negretti flicked his father's fancies away with his cigarette ash. "Why — whether he likes it or not, it's what he was made for. Only got to see him at work to know that. It's his *job*. Comes as easy to him as kiss-yer-hand. Lot o' people like him, though. Grousing at the one thing they can do and wanting to do something else that they ain't any good at. Like your dad. Good landlord of a bar and rotten cello player. And hates the bar and gives all his time to the cello. Stands to reason, if you're a perfect marvel at a job, that's the job you were meant to do. There ain't anybody who can touch my old man at fixing up a job and organizing it and working out the details. He don't have to think about it. It just comes all clear to him. It's really pretty to watch him. Yet, as you say, there he is, always hankering after a grub's life. Keeping a grocer's shop in the suburbs and joining the local Conservative Club. That's where he thinks he belongs. Silly mutt! He'd soon find out his mistake. Him keep a shop! I bet my last pair of trousers if I set him up in a shop he'd have the bailiffs in in six months.

"Well, I'll just toddle over to Notting Dale — see if they've treacled up that little Austin yet. What you doing?"

"Trying to work out the coordination of that lock. Bit of a teaser."

They stood in the back room of a little shop in Ray Street, whose window displayed various parts and gadgets for wireless sets, and one or two complete sets. The back room was lit by a frosted skylight. It was furnished as a workshop. On the bench by the window lay a number of blue prints and some lengths of flex and accumulators. The centre table, by the fireplace, where they now stood, held a plan of a different sort. Eric, in shirt sleeves, was

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poring over it. Negretti, in his smart blue serge, with an orange scarf in place of collar and tie, stood with hand and hip resting against the table. His dark curly head met Eric's. A stranger, taking no more than a glimpse, would have known that they were pals and partners, without differences.

The little shop was in a discreet by-way at the bottom of the Hill, where Clerkenwell is wholly London. It is a Clerkenwell of printing works and warehouses and factories and tenements, of watch makers and jewelers and diamond cutters. The shop was a useful centre for Negretti, and Eric was useful in giving it an appearance of legitimate business to cover the other business to which he gave the most of his time. In two years he had grown to manhood. The uneasy mind that had been struggling toward perception and understanding was now awake. Negretti had begun the awakening; the escape from home had developed it. In running away, he felt that he had done the right thing; the only thing. The vagabondage of the streets came naturally to him. He had been brought up, against his will, in a respectability that was its own principle and purpose; a respectability presumptuously beyond the standards expected of a public house family. He had been turned from his natural course by shames and reticences; kept from the streets where he belonged, and from wild games, from hanging behind carts or paddling in ponds; and yet given no equipment to fit him to take a place in a less coarse life.

He had felt resentment against his family and his circumstance. Chris was different; respectability was native in him, and by his music he would be able to get into cleaner life. But Eric was vulgar and knew that he was vulgar. He had no brains and no abilities but he had not the complacence that so often goes with lack of brains. His state was aggravated by admiration of brains and ability and decency; and achievement being beyond him, he turned to the coarse life in which he was suitably set. As he wasn't born respectable, what the devil was the good of trying to be respectable? That was being nothing — neither himself nor a good actor. If he'd had brains, now. . . But he hadn't. He had only pluck, and he might as well put it to work as let it rot into a sham respectability.

He was not the criminal or the unmoral type. He was the problematical delinquent, and in colleges and studies, learned men were worrying about him and lecturing about him and debating him and tabulating him, and wondering why they couldn't make him and his fellows react to their treatment.

Negretti flung his cigarette at the stove and went to the window. "Well . . . get along and leave you to it. Going to be a blazing day, I reckon. So long." With a quick turn he moved from the window, and the slim, patent leathered feet carried the blue suit and the orange scarf out of the shop. Eric fiddled for some time with his plan; then strolled to the shop door. Clerkenwell was stewing in summer heat, and was throwing up odors of pickles and tobacco and printing ink and metal.

The sky was of almost Italian blue. The sun was at full strength. It brought out the odors, and it brought out the Italians to bathe in it and add one more to the odors. The outlines of the factories and the tumbling cottages were as sharp to the eye as though they had been engraved on the air. A soft breeze stirred pungent and sparky dust. The live murmurs of London came from the top of the hill, but the bottom was suspended in lotus trance.

The suspense was broken by a figure

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so out of harmony with derelict cottages and cobblestones and lotus that he seemed to crash into the street. He came briskly toward Eric, waving an airy greeting. Although no more than thirty, he was of a portly habit that promised corpulence. He walked erect, head back and stomach forward. His hair was thin and sleek. His face, strongly featured and tight skinned, was of the hue of wet dough. It bore a fixed furrow above the nose and sharp lines below the mouth. He was dressed from Sackville Street, with a nice elimination of style, and wore his clothes as though he had just been born in them. His figure was Parisian; his manner debonair; and his language, as he greeted Eric, mixed oddly with the rest of him. "Well, old gun!"

"Hullo." Eric turned into the shop and the visitor followed him.

"Arthur about?"

"Just gone."

"Oh, hell. Wanted to see him about last night. Know where he's gone?"

"Notting Dale, he said."

"Hell twice. Specially wanted to see him before he went there. That cod faced, knockkneed son of an anti-Christ we've got there's about as much use as oysters in August. I know he'll get us in a mess sooner or later. Told Arthur a dozen times to shunt him. You must have brains in this business; live wires, not dead eels. Can't get him on the phone, can I, or I'd give him a tinkle." He delivered this while walking through to the back room. In the back room he stood and waved his stick and stared at the floor and scowled, so that the furrow on his brow became a trench. "Well, better leave it, then." He wandered about the room, as though Negretti's absence had disarranged his morning and left him at a loss. "What about a spot of joy water?"

"Not for me. I'm on this gadget here." Eric nodded at the plan. The visitor gave a child's pout. "Damned sarcophagus you are. Always talking about work. On a day like this, too. This isn't the office of the Board of Trade, by any chance, is it?"

Eric grinned. In the company of Victor Glean he was always grinning. As Negretti was a factor in his inward development, this young man, who negotiated the results of Negretti's work, was a factor in his outward development. By contact with Glean he had learned to soften his manner and speech, and to shed the remaining traces of the suburban public house. Victor Glean had been decently born, and he had Harrow and Oxford behind him. But he had long ago renounced his heritage, and nothing now remained of his past save a tarnished polish and a pleasing accent. Without any excuse of environment or necessity, he had deliberately made his way to the mean and the coarse, and because he had come deliberately to it, he was meaner and coarser than any of the "boys" of Notting Dale. Eric had little liking for him, but he never turned from his company. Few people, indeed, save practised observers, would have hesitated in cordiality toward him; by some trick of manner he evoked it. The practised observer would have hesitated because he would have noted that the eye was a little too steady, the face too direct. It was the unflickering eye of the liar.

In the middle of his pottering, Glean sat down, crossed his legs, and tilted his chair. Eric noted idly his posture, and wondered how it was that a man who always sat crosslegged could retain from morning to midnight a perfect crease in his trousers. Another of Glean's secrets.

"By God, I could do with a dose of

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throat-joy. Come on out, now, for five minutes."

"No — not now."

"Oh, don't be such a damned anchorite. What's the idea of this mortification of the glottis?"

"I'm busy, old chap. Later on I'll join you, but not now."

"Oh. . .Well, later on I shan't be in this unprofitable Sahara. Toddling back to civilization. How long you going to be over that?"

"Can't say."

"Any date fixed for the job?"

"Just as soon as I've worked it out. Everything else's fixed. The feller who created this certainly knew his job. I take my hat off to him. . . . But I'll come his way in a day or two. I'm pretty near him now."

Glean got up, still glancing about the room as though at a loss. "Well, if you won't, I suppose you won't. Hope Satan comes behind you and mucks up your work. Tell Arthur I want to see him. I'll be at Golden Square from about three to half past five."

Eric followed him through the shop. At the door Glean stopped and looked up at the sky. "What a God's gift of a sky! Just right for a field day with Simon the Cellarer. Feels good just to be alive, don't it?" He stepped into the street. "Well, so long, old gun. Loose Moments!"

Eric turned back to the shop. Glean looked about the street, and puffed heavily. He turned toward Back Hill and slowly climbed it. As he walked he struck his stick at the garbage in the gutter; and then, into the blue morning the debonair hedonist spat his soul's secret.

"God! I wish I was dead!"

In the close darkness of the back room of the Ray Street shop Eric Scollard and the elder Negretti were talking in murmurs. They sat uncomfortably on their chairs with the alert air of men who are awaiting the word "Go." The room was hot but the windows were closed; they had a reason for this and a reason for sitting without lights. The season was midsummer and the darkness was of that gentle hue which marks the nights of summer from the nights of other seasons.

Eric was leaning forward from his chair with elbows on knees. "Hope this comes off all right."

A furry voice came from the corner of the room. "Gotter take yer chance. Never know how these things go. Never know how much *they* know. That's the worst of it. Like stalking in a forest or being stalked. Never know whether you're chasing the other feller or him you." The voice took a sudden tang of deliberation. "Why don't yeh get out of it, boy? Why doncher cut it out? It's no game fer you."

"Eh? What d'you mean?"

"What I say, boy. Cut it out. I been watching you a long time. You worry me. I was young meself, once. Get out of it, boy. Get out o' this dirty game. *You* wasn't made for a *criminal.* You wasn't made to stand up in court and take yer twelve months or three years. You wasn't made for a crook."

"I'm not a crook. What d'you mean?"

"What I say. Y'are. We're all crooks. It's all right fer some. They was born rats and toads. But you wasn't. There's better things in life fer you than this. You take my tip and get out of it. You don't want to join what they call the Criminal Classes."

"I'm not a criminal. I don't forge

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checks. I don't take bribes. I don't sell my pals. I don't sneak money from the till. I'm not a twister like some of those City people. This is my way of getting a bit of excitement. If there wasn't any danger I wouldn't be in it. It'd be mean. It's the sporting chance I like about it. The odds are level. It ain't like selling a firm's secrets or running a brothel or any of the other safe and dirty things. It's a straight deal, and we're extended all the time. That's what I like about it."

"Ah, you can talk, boy. But I'm telling yeh. You're young now. You don't see very far ahead. It's all right just now. Sporting and all that. Every youngster likes to chance a nap hand. Only natural when you're young. But believe me, boy, this road ain't straight. It's got nasty turns in it, hairpin bends, and it don't lead nowhere except backward. And downward. Pretty soon you'll lose all the fun of it. You won't be young always. There won't be no sport in it at all — but it'll be too late to stop. You'll lose the idea of playing the game to yer pals. You'll play fer yesself. And worst of it is, you won't know what's happening. You'll think you're keeping on the flat and all the time you're going down. This is a game what leads to all the other dirty games. And you go down. And down. And down." He finished on a slow bass note. Then, with a spurt — "Fer the love of Mike, boy, cut it out. Before it's too late."

"But what about you? If it's all you say it is, why not chuck it?"

"Got a reason. Reason I couldn't give you without making it sound silly. Standing by Artie. That's the idea. Just to keep an eye on him and see that he — Anyway, it don't matter about me. I'm too old. I been in enough times now that if I was caught on this job I'd get Camp Hill. That wouldn't matter. I got nothing to lose now. And Camp Hill's a residential hotel. Just suit me. I could do with a rest.

"But you, boy — you're in time. You ain't got much to wipe out so far. Wipe it out now. Cut the whole damn thing. Listen — here's a thing I'll tell yeh. Every feller I know that — What's that?"

Eric got up and reached for his hat. He wore the relieved air of the churchgoer at the end of the sermon. "Only the clock upstairs. I set it for three o'clock, case I dozed off. Ready?"

The old man got up. His venerable head was bent and his step was unwilling. It seemed that he was charged with urgent things that he had not yet said. But Eric was at the door, and he followed him with: "All right. Push along. But you think over what I was telling yeh. Else yeh'll be sorry." Then he shut his lips, and for an hour did not open them.

They slipped out of the shop into a hush that pervaded the dark city like a presence. As though he were handling a sleeping baby, Eric closed the door, and they walked swiftly up Back Hill to Clerkenwell Road. Here they turned to the right, crossed Gray's Inn Road, and went through Theobald's Road to Southampton Row.

The young moon had long since set. The cool air still held the reek of yesterday's heat, and the dry asphalt exhaled a faint memory of its day's sweat in a haze that gave each unit of the regiment of lamps an aureole. The streets that by day held each its visible marks of character were now one vista of impersonality, though somehow fraught with the masked power of deliberate ambiguity. They were a thousand somethings united in being nothing. Into the hush dropped the little desiccated noises of the night

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— the hum of a car — the bark of its horn — the cry of a cat — a footfall; and, from very far away and always receding, the hint of surging business. But their own steps made no sound, and so detached were they from their immediate surroundings that they moved as pale organisms. They walked in the manner that their profession requires, and their passing made no more stir in the air than a falling leaf.

At the corner of Queen Square they were met by Arthur. He awaited them restlessly. As they approached he lit a cigarette and twisted it in his fingers until the tobacco dropped out. As they reached him he lit another. His feet were dancing. Eric noted this and noted his left hand. It was playing drums on his trouser leg. "What's up, Arthur? Your hand."

"Eh? Oh — too much tea and cigarettes, I reckon. What's happened to Glean?"

On the speaking of his name, Glean came dapperly from a blue vacancy into their group. Negretti threw away the cigarette he had just lit. "Well? All right?"

"Hullo, old fusillade. Yes, I think it's all clear. Been round three times in the last minute or so."

"Where's your bus?"

"Just in the Square."

Eric asked: "What car d'you bring, Arthur?"

"Alfa-Romeo."

"Good."

Negretti turned to the old man. "No need for you to wait, guv'nor. We can go ahead now. Go home and get some shut-eye. We got it all fixed."

The old man took no notice of his son. Negretti, noting his mood, turned from him to the others. "Ready? If so, we'll get on."

There was a sudden change of manner. They dropped the light nervous tone they had held, and assumed a businesslike air. Their business was illegal business, but they did not use stealth. They drove the two cars openly to the great shop in the Row, and the four got out and went openly and briskly to its door. Grey streaks were visible against the night's blue. Negretti looked up at the sky and spoke sharply. "No need to rush it, but don't waste time. Now — Eric."

Eric inserted in the little lock of the iron gates the key he had spent six weeks in making. He turned it. The lock gave. He flashed an eye at Arthur and made a little click with his mouth. He put his hands to the collapsible gates and pushed them right and left. He and Arthur entered. Arthur called over his shoulder — "Stay by the cars, Glean. Come on, Dad, if you're coming."

Beyond the vestibule was a second door. Eric took another key. He inserted this in the patent lock, turned it, and opened the door. Over his shoulder he made a grimace at Arthur, and moved to enter. Arthur caught him by the shoulder. "Not the mat. Mind the mat. Go round it." They went gingerly round the mat and came into the shop. Negretti flashed an electric torch to the floor. The rays that came back from the floor showed a number of recesses behind the counter. Each recess was enclosed by a wire door. As Eric stood at the side of Arthur, he felt the thrill of his shoulder and sharp tremors from his arm. The nonchalant motor specialist was handling a new job. He was a discord of nerves. Eric took a third key from his waistcoat pocket and went to the first of the recesses. Arthur and the old man drew near. All three had the air of thinking "Now!" Eric inserted the tiny slip of metal in the lock of the wire

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door. He turned it. The lock gave, and he pulled the wire door open. From his coat pocket, Arthur took a little baize bag and moved forward. But in the instant of moving he stopped and stood in the poise of a sprinter getting off the mark. With the opening of the door there opened from right of them, from left of them, from above them and from outside the shop an artillery of bells. The noise broke upon them and between them, and filled the shop with its fury. For two seconds they were rigid and dumb. Then Eric gasped: "My God! They got the Cutson-Gramart system. Never thought they were big enough for that. My God! That's ringing every station round here. Come on, Arthur."

The bells hammered and yelled. He turned to Arthur, thinking twenty thoughts at once; but in the turmoil of his thought a little clear corner noted that Arthur had ceased to tremble. He stood in the shop, as calm and alert as though he were waiting for a bus. He put a hand on Eric. "Steady. Steady, old Eric. Don't get windy. We've missed our step. Let's go easy." He went to the inner door, and stopped. Eric came behind him. "What is it?" Arthur pointed. "Shut!" The inner door had closed upon them. Eric forced his key into the lock and turned it. The lock held. "Damn! Oh, damn. The alarm alters the wards. My God!"

"All right, boy. Steady. We can't be particular now. It's messy, but it's got to be done. Get back." Arthur brought a slim steel bar from his inside pocket. He pushed it gently under the lock against the jamb of the door. He made three long, slow movements with it. The lock cracked. The brass work bent. He took a small bottle from his pocket, uncorked it and poured a white fluid into the lock. There was a smell of hot metal. With one more movement of the lever the door opened, and they stepped out. As they stepped out, a sharp humming came from the street. "What's that?"

Eric went through the broken door to the outer door and peeped through the grille. He turned angrily upon Arthur. "Well, I'm damned."

"What? Come on, Dad. Lively."

"That's Glean. Glean's gone off."

For the first time in his knowledge of Arthur, Eric heard him swear. "The rat! The damned yellow rat! The bloody little rat. Come on — quick. We can pack Dad in somehow. Thank God I piled up some petrol. The yellow rat! I always thought he'd twist if we got in a corner. Come on, old man. Easy. Easy and quick. Nothing so yellow as the English gentleman when he stops being a gentleman. Don't rush it, Eric. Easy. What's that?"

They looked at each other with a start, as men start under an explosion. But it was only an explosion of silence. The bells had stopped. They got to the street. A furlong away two constables were hasting toward them. Eric made a grab at Arthur. Arthur shook himself off. "Steady. Steady. Come on, Dad."

The old man stood in the vestibule. "I'm staying."

Eric snapped, "Arthur! Arthur! They'll be on us in a second."

"What's the game, Dad? Don't be a fool. Come on."

"No. I'm staying. You go. Get yourself away and the boy."

"What you talking about?"

"I said, 'Go.' You go. See? Quick. Else it's no good. I'm staying. It's only a chance but it might come off."

"And leave you?"

"Arthur!" The old man made a gesture with his arm. "You'll damwell do what I tell yeh. Else I'll curse

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yeh. D'y'ear? I'll curse yeh. You been a curse to me all through. Now fer once you do what I say. I can hold 'em back with a tale long enough fer you to take a chance."

"What d'yeh think I am, Dad? My name ain't Glean."

The old man became the eternal father of the stage. He put his face on Arthur's face. He took Arthur by the arm and shook him. "Look 'ere —one rat's gone because he was afraid to stay. You want to stay because you're afraid to go and leave me. Afraid of yer conscience — that's what it is. Well, you'll damwell put up with yer conscience. See?" He stood back to watch the flight of his shot. "You and him got to go. That's my orders. See? Now — you mean to be a rat or not?"

Eric was dancing. "Arthur — pull him along. They're nearly on us."

For three seconds Arthur met the old man's look, and their eyes fought. Then Arthur looked away, beaten. Something in his father of indomitable righteousness hit him where he had no defense. "All right, Dad. I'll go. Good luck."

They went with easy haste to the car. As they entered the car, the officers came level with them. Negretti made an excited gesture toward the shop and nodded vigorously. "Something funny going on in there. Bells ringing. Saw two fellows slip into Queen Square. Want any help? I was just going to buzz round and fetch up somebody." Between words he started the car. One of the officers went to the shop; the other came to the car. A lantern flashed over it.

"Just a minute. Finish what you was saying, Negretti. Here — stop. Come now. Hi! Carford!" The officer hesitated between calling his mate and grabbing Negretti. Negretti smiled. "Sorry, old man. Got a committee meeting." The officer jumped for the footboard and missed it. The car shot sideways from him, swerved and slid down the Row toward Euston. He shouted. His shout was followed by shrill blasts of a whistle.

Old Negretti, in the shop, stood still for some seconds. He knew that this meant the end; and in those seconds the dream came large and clear. The little tobacconist's shop in Tufnell Park, himself proprietor. The pleasant customers. The casual esteem of the neighborhood — "Nice chap, old Negretti." The local Conservative Club. A game of billiards in the evening. A meeting with other shopkeepers in a quiet saloon bar. The news of the day. Passing a word frankly and without fear to the policeman at the corner. A bit of garden to look after. Everybody respectable and open and easy of mind.

With one of those lunatic touches of farce that visit men in moments of dreadfulness, he drew a chair up to the counter, and sat down with the air of a serious citizen making a purchase. The first officer found him in that position.

The car streaked northward to Camden Town, but at Crowndale Road there was a block. The Southampton Row whistle had been picked up and passed on. Two constables took the middle of the road. Negretti drove sheerly at them; then, as they parted, he swerved to the left into Mornington Crescent, recovered, and slid into Arlington Road. "Thank God there's no rain. Had been — couldn't a-done that."

Eric found himself in a light tremor. His stomach was shivering. It had no contact with fear, but arose from the situation. For the first time, he was tasting flight and pursuit, and the sensation was galvanic.

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Whistles followed them. Negretti's face was set in an expression of urbanity. He was talking quietly to himself. "Going to be a bit tricky, this. Daylight, too. Good job the roads are clear. Hook off the top number plate. . . . Careful, now." Eric reached to the back of the car and pulled a wire which lifted the number plate into the car and revealed a new plate. Negretti gave commands. "Sit down . . . floor. They'll be looking for two. . . . Keep well down."

It was now full morning, and the sun was up; and in the sunshine, at this hour, London was as silent and as terrible as midnight in the Mountains of the Moon. In broad daylight it held the hush of darkness. It had the feeling of a land of legend, forsaken. There might have been grass sprouting from its pavements; lizards on its walls. The highways stretched before them, empty and breathless. The side streets were cells of a skull. The houses were blind; the shop windows were farcical masks. The very sunshine, warm as it was, had a spectral quality, as though it, too, were a sun of old legend.

Through this fantasmagoria they shot into a dead road that lived under the name of Hampstead Road. A stream of shops and houses went past Eric's eyes, and they were at Camden Town; and Camden Town had scarcely made a note of itself when they were in Kentish Town. Negretti shouted above the thunder of the engine, "What's behind?"

Eric pulled his cap down to his neck and looked back. The wind made a tattoo on his right ear. "Nothing."

"Bonzo."

With an insanity that was not quite insane Negretti let the throttle out and in ninety seconds Kentish Town changed to Highgate Tube Station. As they flew at the Tube Station a constable stepped from the street refuge. Negretti slowed down. The officer came to them. Negretti accelerated. The car made a swerve to the right, curveted round the constable, bumped across the pavement by the White Lion, and streaked toward the Archway. The constable gave three blasts on his whistle. Negretti shouted, "Watch him!"

Eric looked back, "Gone into the Tube."

"Damn! Gone to telephone. Hook off second number plate."

At the Winchester Hotel Negretti sent the car diving to the right toward Crouch End. He roared at Eric: "Do it . . . yet." He bent his head to follow the curve of the road. "Old man . . . be sick . . . we don't. One thing . . . got a car. We got a CAR." He moved his foot and it shot forward. The needle which had been at 50 went to 55. At Crouch End Broadway it dropped to 40, and in Turnpike Lane rose slowly to 55.

Eric now was aware only of noise and movement, of slowing and speeding. A flash of houses — Wood Green. A kaleidoscope of shops — Noel Park. A whiz — Bowes Park. A whir of houses and a flash of fields — Palmer's Green. There was no road; no London; no sky. Their eyes saw only stationary things — the wind screen and the fixtures of the car, while another sense received dimly a tale of streets and houses and shops and sky and fields reeling and crowding past them.

Winchmore Hill. Negretti murmured a "Damn." From the bend at Winchmore Hill came warning whistles. A constable stood in the middle of the road, arm out. He stood there for one second; and made the pavement with the speed of the car. Negretti laughed and bent toward Eric. Eric, noting his look, put his ear to Arthur's mouth and waited for something heroic.

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"Shouldn't wonder . . . get into trouble . . . for this!"

Before the private wire from Winchmore Hill could get to work they were at Enfield and out of it. In front of them lay the whole of England. Behind them lay a purple ocean of roofs from which rose the spires and towers of history and of today. Dumb memorial of achievement and potent promise of it. And for these two neither memorial nor promise.

Potter's Bar. Negretti took the corner at a fool's angle, and they went northward to Hatfield. The country unwound before their eyes like a colored sheet. By the rush of the air and the drone of the engine, Eric became drowsed. He forgot the collapse of their nice plans. He forgot the disaster in which they were caught. He forgot why they were running away, and did not care where they were running to, or what the end would be. Before they had reached Camden Town he had felt a longing to say to Negretti, "Sorry! My fault. I ought to have thought of the Cutson-Gramart system. I shall never forgive myself." But it was gone now. Nothing could come through the one fact of Speed.

As though he had read his thoughts Negretti bawled at him: "Proves what . . . saying . . . . All through . . . going off . . . own job. Trying . . . do . . . something different . . . . Oughta stuck . . . cars . . . not mess about . . . " He dipped his head to the right of the wheel. " . . . other job . . . can't do . . . . If get . . . Northampton. . ." He took the curve with an inch to spare. ". . . Know feller there. . . . Lie low a bit. . . . Can't put . . . anything . . . us. No evidence . . . Thank . . . got good car . . . . Whassat?"

Eric looked back, and bawled, "Car!"

"Whassort?"

"Sunbeam, I think."

"Overtaking us?"

"Yes!"

Negretti waited till they were in the straight, then looked back and clicked his teeth. "Smart boys! Picked up trail all right. Flying Squad. Feller next driver . . . Winstanley . . . One . . . Big Four. Sit tight. Goinletterout." There was a gentle jerk and a swish. The needle went to 60. To 65. To 70. Negretti grinned. "Given 'em . . . bit o'dust . . . Bet their Sunbeam can't . . . reach that."

The needle went to 75. The green passage in which they moved was suddenly broken by a smudge of grey and red, and then was again green. They had gone through Hatfield.

"How are they behind?"

"Can't see 'em."

"Can't *see* 'em? Listen." He slowed down. "Hear 'em?"

"No."

"That means telephoning. Better turn off here."

They turned into a lane of green light and swam blandly through it to Cole Green and Essendon. A change of gears, a rush of trees, and they were at Broxbourne. A slither across a grassy corner, and they were on the Old Great North Road. Another minute and they were through Hoddesdon.

"Anything behind?"

"No."

They came to Ware, and at Ware the chase was taken up. Drawn across the road at the entrance to the town was a railway lorry. Negretti saw it in time to be an artist with his brakes, and the car stopped within twenty yards of the obstruction. Two men came from behind it. Negretti took a keen look at them from under the peak of his cap; reversed, and backed to the edge of the ditch. The men shouted and rushed; but on a turn of

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the wheel the car shot away and covered its own trail to Amwell. At Amwell they turned and flashed through Hudson and Widford and Much Hadham. At Little Hadham they greased round a corner and took the road to Bishop's Stortford.

With nothing in their minds but flight, they were silent; but a mile from Stortford Eric said, "God!" and Negretti said, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" Two cars, each holding two men, blocked the road. Negretti played the same game; reversed, turned, and sent the car headlong back. But this time he was not dodging a dead lorry. The two cars took the middle of the road and came buzzing after them. Negretti clicked his teeth and began to mutter. "This is nasty . . . Now then, ole bus. Now then, me ole Alfa. Show us yer form. Let's hear from yeh." The needle crept steadily up. "Hope they . . . haven't got us . . . locked in . . . loop. Main roads . . . all round us . . . up to Cambridge . . . down to . . . Waltham Abby. . . . Just a matter . . . striking some bit . . . haven't posted."

They streaked through Braughing and up to Barkway, and from Barkway into the road that leads from Royston to Sawston. "Now for . . . Newmarket . . . . How are . . . they?"

Eric cried, "Creeping up."

Voices came from behind commanding a stop, and grew in volume and clarity. "They got . . . good . . . car!"

There was a report and a spit of dust in the road ahead of them. Negretti made a cry of protest. "Dirty dogs! . . . Trying . . . frighten us. Don't get . . . windy . . . . Only firing . . . round us. . . . Daren't fire . . . at us. . . . No evidence . . . no . . . *OhmyGod!*"

The car was at 80. Past their eyes, like a bullet, went a notice board — "ROAD UP." Two seconds later they were upon poles and trestles and an open road and a steam roller. Negretti made one mad turn of the steering wheel and one movement at the brakes. There was a strident appeal from the engine, a grotesque twisting of Negretti's hands and a revolving landscape.

These things Eric saw and heard. A second later there was a crash which he did not hear.

In the parlor of "The Sun in Splendour" company was assembled. A company so dazed that it appeared to be at ease. Mrs. Scollard in a straight chair looking before her with eyes empty of expression and charged with the inexpressible. David standing over her, pipe in hand, just as he had come from the bar; a solid restful figure whose massiveness gave no hint of inner turmoil. Aunt Julia, with red eyes, sitting by her sister with the air of the penitent on the form. Fred Gore strolling about with hands in pockets and head down, whistling silently: the bright and chatty fellow, conscious of the presence of drama and trying to order his demeanor to it. And Chris.

They did not know what they were doing or what they were thinking or what walls enclosed them. If it were possible to stun the spirit of a room, the spirit of that room, which had suffered a hundred domestic "scenes", had been stunned.

On the table lay an evening paper. A front page headline in bold capitals streamed across three columns: "DRAMATIC DEATH OF TWO MOTOR BANDITS. SUNRISE CHASE THROUGH THREE COUNTIES." In the centre was a two column block of a snapshot—secured God knows how—of Eric and Negretti, arms on each other's shoulders, grinning at the camera.

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Mrs. Gore patted her sister's knee and whispered. Mr. Gore coughed. David stood rigid. Chris was at the window. He did not take any share in this roomful of grief. He was an artist: the affair had hurt him but it had not shocked him. He was conscious of disaster but not of grief; and he was there only because he felt he ought to be there. Eric had gone his own way and had met his own end, and Chris could not achieve any facile sorrow for him. But for decency's sake he had to simulate sober feelings and downcast face.

The silence of the room was splintered by Mrs. Gore's murmurs and Mr. Gore's cough. In a moment when Mrs. Gore was making inane attempts to offer her sister inane comfort, Fred Gore noted Chris, and, mistaking his forced attitude for the genuine, waved him apart.

"Ever seen this, old man?"

He took a piece of string from his waistcoat pocket, tied it in four knots, slipped it round two fingers and picked it off — a clean strand. "Can't learn that in one lesson, me boy. See if you can do it."

He was talking as though Christopher were still a boy of ten to be charmed from the sight of suffering. Christopher stared at him, bewildered; then jumped to his intention, and for the first time in his life he felt respect for this ungainly creature.

Mrs. Gore got up. "I'll go and get her a cup of tea."

"I don't want a cup of tea."

"Yes, you do."

"No, I don't."

"Well, you're going to have a cup of tea. Don't you be obstinate, Emily. You always was obstinate. Always set on having your own way."

"I don't *want* tea."

"I insist."

"I won't *have* it."

"Emily — you're behaving like a fool. But you always were a fool. When you were young and now you're old. You always ordered me about — now I'm going to do some ordering. You're in trouble. You want looking after. What you want—"

"Oh, be *quiet!*"

"If I didn't care for you, I would. I wouldn't bother with getting you tea. But I'm going to get tea, and sit by you and help you drink it, you poor suffering fool!"

"Julia!" Mrs. Scollard's head dropped. Her hands went to her face. Her body shook with sobs. Tears came through her fingers.

The two men moved to Mrs. Gore with a "Here — I say . . ." attitude. The thin and noisy Mrs. Gore waved them back, looked at her sister, and went to the door. At the door she nodded to the company; a nod that said — "That's what she wanted and that's what I meant to get."

Chris and his father exchanged looks, and both of them saw the foolish Uncle Fred and the fatuous Aunt Julia as people of quality.

Mrs. Gore came back with a tea tray. "Tea's ready, Emily."

Mechanically Mrs. Scollard drew her chair nearer to the table. She looked at the table and the tea tray; then said conversationally: "Why do we have children? Why do we go through it? . . . Chris, come and have tea with your mother. Don't stand there like that, Dave. Go and look after the bar. This is going to last a long time. A long time. Don't let's be silly about it."

(To be continued)

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THE DIVINING LADY, E. BARRINGTON

By Grant Overton

With a Portrait by Bertrand Zadig

IF the facts were only known —

But how can they be? In the first place, she lives in comparative seclusion near Victoria, British Columbia. In the second place, besides being E. Barrington and L. Adams Beck, she is announced as having begun all over again under a third name, "quite unlike the other two". And lastly, I am no authorized interpreter.

The scientific method is too little applied in what the boys at the Café Dome call the life literary. Scientists, you know, observe a group of phenomena. Then they make up the necessary facts to explain what they have observed. I don't see why I should do differently.

For phenomena, we have the procession of novels by L. Adams Beck, to wit: "The Key of Dreams", "The Perfume of the Rainbow", "The Treasure of Ho", "The Ninth Vibration" (though these are short stories), "The Way of Stars", "The Splendour of Asia".

Obviously the work of a woman who has spent years in the East. The settings are Egypt, India, the Himalayas, China, and Japan. India and China predominate. The underlying subject is nearly always the mystical beliefs of the East; and the subject of "The Splendour of Asia" is nothing less than the life of Buddha.

But this interesting and logical progression has been constantly interrupted by the appearance of the following books: "The Ladies!", "The Gallants" (both composed of lively portraits of eighteenth century figures), "The Chaste Diana", "The Divine Lady", "Glorious Apollo", "The Exquisite Perdita" — all signed E. Barrington and resembling the novels of L. Adams Beck about as closely as George Eliot resembled George Sand — no, *not* as closely.

Judged by these novels, what must E. Barrington be? Why, a lady of no inconsiderable gifts as a story teller, steeped in the eighteenth century tradition, a connoisseur of the manners and social customs of that day (in England at least). She should come of at least a good county family and should live in a picturesque but insufficiently heated and bathroomed house in Hants, Bucks, or Wilts. These facts are mostly wrong but so, probably, is the nebular hypothesis.

We all have single track minds, and it was to obviate this situation that two names were considered necessary for a double track author. And now that L. Adams Beck insists on becoming all three of the Brontë sisters, a third name is indispensable; but what that third name is I shall not divulge, for the excellent reason that it would cloud your intellect throughout the remainder of this lucid exposition. Besides, I do not yet know her third name — only that there is one.

The chances appear to be two to one that it begins with B. The third personality is as different from E. Barrington and L. Adams Beck as

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these two are from each other. With only one unknown, it almost seems as if elementary algebra would yield the secret.

L. Adams Beck, as I shall more conveniently call her, is the daughter of Admiral Moresby, the British naval officer best known as the explorer of New Guinea. He was the son of Sir Fairfax Moresby, who served under Nelson at Trafalgar. Sir Fairfax Moresby's wife as a young girl knew Lord Byron.

The Moresbys can be found in English annals as far back as the century of "Ivanhoe". Their soil is Cumberland. Their importance has been variable. Henry V knighted one of them on the field at Agincourt, which of course is pretty good. Under Henry VIII the fierce competition for historical importance forced them into the background. Anne Boleyn had a lover, Sir Francis Weston, hanged by King Hal for his amorous enterprise. Weston's wife begged the King not to hang him — and that wife had Moresby blood in her veins. The Moresbys continued the unequal struggle under Elizabeth and one of them kept a toehold by becoming a "maker of song" at court. Fighting desperately on the very edge of the gulf of oblivion, a Moresby saved the family honor, at least to the extent of an historical footnote in the eighteenth century, by marrying the sister of the shepherd, Lord Clifford, about whom Wordsworth wrote a poem (I trust you follow me). It is the poem with the line:

> Peace had he found in huts where poor men lie. . .

and there are some more lines of it. Peace with honor for the sister's husband; peace without victory for the Moresbys.

The nineteenth century brought a turn of the tide and Sir Fairfax and the Admiral made a good passage to the port of fame. The Admiral, L. Adams Beck's father, married a Scotswoman, who thus became L. Adams Beck's mother. Of this lady we learn that she was "remarkable" and died early, that she bore the same arms as the Buccleuchs, and that "all through the history of Scotland runs her family's wild, romantic history". Bang went sixpence when the Buccleuchs came over the border. Nowadays when they give the name of the charge account the clerk says, "Spell it, please."

As a young woman — for she married very young — L. Adams Beck took up dietetics, with the result that she has all her life since avoided the use of meat, fish, fowl, alcohol, tea, coffee, and cocoa. She eats only salads, nuts, fruits, and the cereal grains; she drinks only milk or water.

Well, one day Karma (or is it Nirvana?) took her to the East. She was passing through the Suez Canal and looking at the desert when it struck her all of a heap that this was the way home. No, she was not just turned around, the way travelers are. The Spell of the East had fallen on her and, as has been so aptly, inimitably, and quotably said: "When she set her foot ashore at Bombay she knew that the great gate was opened and the daughter of the house welcomed with rejoicing. It was home, and from that day her thoughts and her deeper self that underlies all thought were as one." All this, you must understand, was long before she had any thought of becoming a writer.

To a great extent, the eating of flesh and the drinking of stimulants is a defilement in Eastern eyes. L. Adams Beck had an enormous initial advantage over most Europeans in her simple

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Portrait by Bertrand Zadig

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diet. If she wanted to study Eastern religion and philosophy — and she did, much — the teachers of India and China would give her a fair assurance of attaining to understanding.

How many years did she study? Something like eight or nine, I think. How deeply did she penetrate Eastern thought? It seems apparent that she went much further than most Europeans ever get, but it would take an esoterist to tell how far that is. With whom did she study and where? No exact report has been given. I think she studied with Thibetan monks, and in the preface to "The Splendour of Asia" she speaks of having studied the later interpretation of Buddha's teaching with Japanese scholars, "with whom I have translated the Buddhist Psalms of Shinran Shonin". She has written in Japanese for Japanese journals.

Buddhism is the principal thing in the writings of L. Adams Beck as it is in her life. I do not mean that she fails to tell a story in the L. Adams Beck books. "The Key of Dreams", a romance of a double personality, and "The Treasure of Ho" with its vivid account of the Boxer Rebellion, have plenty of external action. So have the others. But any reader can see that without the mystically religious impulse none of these stories would have been written. Indeed, they might never have come out of that impulse if it had not been for an incident in 1914.

It was a day in December and L. Adams Beck was in Kyoto, Japan. With a Japanese friend she went to the Kiyomidzu Temple to consult a Japanese expert in divination. His method was the old one of China, which employs ivory and ebony cubes. Among a great many other matters, some of which L. Adams Beck instantly verified, the seer emphasized a prophecy: "Before you, in a few years' time, lies a great, an astounding success." He didn't say what kind of success, and the beneficial idea seems at the time and for long afterward to have been unconnected in her mind with the idea of writing.

The "few years" were five. After the war, L. Adams Beck, in common with many others, found England uncomfortably altered as a place of residence; and, unlike most of the others, got out. Her intention was to revisit Japan, and she progressed as far as Victoria, British Columbia. If you do not know the place, may I say that there are winding bays with hilly shores. L. Adams Beck found the spot beautiful and quiet. She put off the embarkation for Japan. It was one of those postponements that are fatal.

Among the several advantages of the Noble Eightfold Path upon which Buddhism sets the foot is the very great advantage of knowing, instead of merely thinking, supposing, guessing, surmising, hoping, and believing, as the rest of us are forced to do. If one can travel through the first six or seven stages he becomes like the little girl who, when challenged as to her knowledge of some elementary principle, replied decisively, "I know it with my know." A successful disciple of Buddha knows with his know, constantly, infallibly. He — or, as in our instance, she — knows where to settle down to live. She knows what to write and when to write it. She is not in the least inconvenienced by not knowing what is to be written.

The day is no particular day; the scene, a crowded hotel reception room; the lady, L. Adams Beck. She has paper (blank) before her. Enter, right, Inspiration; advances down centre. A story "rather writes itself than is written". This story is in-

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stantly accepted, I think by "The Atlantic Monthly". The old fellow in the Kiyomidzu Temple has come eleven with his little cubes.

The rest is so simple that it makes me perspire to try to make it sound intellectual enough. Continuing to avoid meat, fish, fowl, alcohol, tea, coffee, and cocoa; consuming only salads, nuts, fruits, the cereal grains, milk, and water, L. Adams Beck rises every morning at 6.30 and goes for a long walk over hill and dale, crags and seaweed. A Scotch terrier makes the round of the firths and lochs with her. He is an austere animal and avoids bones, especially fish bones. He admires the scenery. Reluctantly, he escorts his mistress home to an 8.30 breakfast, after which he relinquishes her to her work. What shall the harvest be?

"I sit down pen in hand," says L. Adams Beck, "and I cannot tell whether it will be Beck or Barrington who will write. It comes as — how shall I describe it? — as a memory comes, clear and undisputed — things that we know have been and describe as we have seen them. Therefore whether it be L. Adams Beck describing the life and thought of India two thousand years ago, or E. Barrington, at home in the French and English salons of the eighteenth century, there is no effort; it is only, as it were, to remember and relate."

We are further told on authority that "she writes as swiftly as the pen can move, scarcely correcting afterward. The difficulty is to take it down as fast as it comes"; and that "The Divine Lady", an affair of fully 120,000 words, was written in six weeks — that "Glorious Apollo" "took no longer".

L. Adams Beck is a public speaker of long experience in half a dozen countries. Her home in Victoria is sheltered by an English garden but the interior is crammed with oriental furniture. Here every fortnight she gives a tea for fifty or more friends, and usually she talks to them without preparation on the Orient, or some psychic, literary, or historical topic, the function being the same inner source that works while she writes.

I have had the honor to present, etc. Now as to the books:

In much of what has been told there is an appearance of the marvelous which will not have escaped the reader despite my slightly facetious account. I shall speak briefly of the characteristics of the twofold author and then offer you a choice of explanations.

L. Adams Beck will attract an increasing audience. Her growth in popularity, while slower than that of E. Barrington, is a more stable progress. The number of people interested in Eastern mysticism is fewer than the number interested in the beautiful but damned. L. Adams Beck may never sell so many as E. Barrington has sold, but her sale is more certain.

From the dispassionate standpoint of one not an L. Adams Beck devotee and yet by no means prejudiced against these oriental stories, the chief criticism to be made is no harsher than the usual complaint against writers using this material. These writers as a class are a little too completely swallowed by Orientalism, and in attempting to convey the spirit they make the mistake of copying the manner. The life of Buddha, as told in the East, is highly flowery and poetical — with the Orientals, rhapsody is a form of reverence; with us, generally an excess. "The Splendour of Asia" is rhapsodical; there is great danger that with a

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majority of all those who read books this manner will be a mistake. Not enough of us eschew meat, fish, fowl, alcohol, tea, coffee, and cocoa, or live only upon salads, nuts, fruits, the cereal grains, milk, and water. It is better to deal with these matters in the accent heard in the twelfth and thirty third chapters of "A Passage to India". Yea, it is better to suffer irreverence that reverence may come.

E. Barrington is *such* another matter! Putting aside the arty measuring rod, it is exceedingly doubtful whether history and biography were ever more successfully vivified for the mass of readers than in "The Divine Lady" and "Glorious Apollo". The measure of E. Barrington's success is almost certainly something beyond her control, except as a choice of subject: namely, the inherent interest and possibilities of that subject. Give her a Lady Hamilton, a Byron, or (as in a novel forthcoming later) a Napoleon and Josephine, and she will head the best sellers. With a hero or heroine less famous or of a less fascinating complexity she may do less well — not, of course, through any fault of her own.

I promised a choice of explanations. The obvious one is Buddhistic, interpretative. She is, as she feels herself to be, a channel through which at first two, now three, personalities realize themselves. Her own personality has been more or less broken down or is disintegrating into (a) the weaver of mystical oriental romances, (b) the novelist of eighteenth century personages, and (c) the Lord knows who. A fourth personality is probable, a fifth possible. Personalities A and B are easy to understand, L. Adams Beck being dominant and acquired, E. Barrington inherited and recessive.

The other explanation is necessary only for the matter-of-fact. It says that, like all writers, the lady helps herself by a legend not consciously self deceptive; indeed, true because it explains her to herself. It says that but for the accident of going to the East the need of self expression would have made her write years earlier; that absorption in Eastern forms of self mastery sufficed for some while; that the prophecy of the wise old Japanese was instantly if unconsciously applied to the hidden train of an ambition to write. It says, this second explanation, that excellent personal habits, including diet and exercise, create a large amount of energy, even to the point of producing 120,000 words in six weeks; it recalls that Trollope's watch required him to produce 250 words every quarter of an hour; and as for the mystery of where the story all comes from, our second explanation dismisses *that* without comment, as being no more wonderful in the case of one writer than another, and as being totally inexplicable in any case. Chesterton says of evolution that it slows down the process of creation but does not remove the miracle. Mrs. Barrington-Beck is exactly as miraculous, no more and no less; but there is no doubt that she is fast on the trigger.

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THE LONDONER

Tales of the General Strike — The Strike and the Publishers — A Librarian as Propagandist — J. M. Dent — A Tolstoy Centenary

LONDON, *July* 1, 1926.

BY the time these words are printed, I expect that everybody in the United States will have forgotten the fact that in May, 1926, the whole of England was set at loggerheads by means of a general strike. My only object at the present moment in mentioning the strike, which lasted for nine days, is to give one or two details which may not otherwise find record in print. In the first place, there is the story (for the truth of which I can vouch) of the printing department of a famous newspaper. When the printers were summoned to a mass meeting at some boxing resort in London, the representatives of the staff of this newspaper were with the other members of their craft. A dozen of them afterward waited upon the editor of the paper, *with tears in their eyes*. They said, miserably, "Never did we expect to see this dreadful day. The idea that the paper should not appear is unthinkable to us. And yet we must go out." "Dear, dear", said the editor. "This is bad." "Yes", said the men. "We'd do anything to avert it; but we're powerless. The vote for the strike was *unanimous*." "What!" cried the editor. "Was there none of you to say a word against it?" He was answered by silence. The men went out. A temporary staff was hastily improvised. One of the subeditors, a man who was making perhaps ten pounds a week, and who had dabbled a little in printing, wondered whether he could give a hand in the composing room. He set to work. "Hey, hey!" exclaimed an old worker who was near him; "if you can set as fast as that you'd make grand wages as a regular worker. You'd make fifteen pounds a week, and more." "Should I, by Jove?" said the amateur. "Then why not?" He is now a printer. A friend of mine tells me that he visited one district of London in which there had been some slight trouble with strikers, and got into conversation with a police inspector. The inspector was very mild. He said: "You see, some of the busmen come up here; and they don't like to see their buses being driven by these boys from Oxford. So they get nasty. You can't wonder, really." Said my friend: "What do you do, then; send them to jail?" "Jail?" replied the inspector. "We don't send 'em to jail. We take 'em to the 'orspital."

* * * *

The publishing trade, which had just begun to recover from the packers' strike about which I have told my readers from time to time, has been injured by the general strike to an extent which it is hard for outsiders to realize. It was impossible to send books through the post (save, I have been told, in sections), and the principal sources of distribution were entirely closed. The London retailers carried on as well as they could, but even so the results were deplorable. One publisher told me that his turnover for the month of May was only fractionally above seven per cent of the normal turnover for that month. Nor do I think his

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experience was exceptional. It must be admitted, however, that as soon as the strike was over, and as soon as the usual channels were again available for the distribution of books, trade picked up again, and some books, particularly, recovered buoyancy with rapidity quite astonishing. Considering the quickness with which books generally lose momentum as the result of any interruption of trade — say at holiday times — this is a healthy sign. And I observe a revival of advertising of books in Tube lifts and by means of sandwich men, which indicates great determination on the part of publishers to minimize the evil effects of the present serious stoppage. I do not think that a holiday interrupts the reading of a popular book. But my suggestion is that the stoppage gives the libraries time to reassemble stocks and supply the demand from those stocks, whereas, if there had been no stoppage, these same libraries would have been forced by the continuousness of the demand to reorder from the publishers. What the publishers lose, the libraries gain.

* * * *

A librarian, by the way, has been contributing to the organ of the librarians a very interesting article which is worth attention. He is not what would be called a literary man, and what a friend of mine would call "his prose" leaves one doubtful, in some passages, of his exact meaning; but there is good sense in what he says, and I think the problem he begins by presenting is one which those who are not librarians would do well to consider. I was speaking a month or two back of literary "fashion", and wondering what brought about the curious rises and falls of popular fancy. What this librarian says illuminates the very strange divergence of popular taste from the critical estimates of the "chosen few". He begins by saying:

> One of the most perplexing features of recent date to the observant librarian has been the indifference of the general reading public to the later publications of some of our modern novelists. To procure the works which the up-to-date literary critics praise "sky high" as novels of the NEW style, only to find that the general reader describes them as "piffle", presents a problem worthy of attention, and makes one wonder if the NEW style of the novelist is wanted, and will it live?
>
> One leading author suggests there is not the corresponding development in the intelligence of the reading public as with the novel, but the question of literary taste would even then still prevail. There is, however, a change coming over the general reader, and not only are non-fictional works being more sought after, but in the case of novels, there is an increasing distaste and an inclination to resent the sex novel so prominently in evidence during and immediately after the war.

And he goes on to illustrate a system of annotation which he himself uses in his catalogues, by means of which he draws attention to the qualities of those authors whose works he considers worthy of attention. As instances, I quote the following:

> BENSON, S. — The entry of this new writer of more than ordinary accomplishments in the arena of fiction is welcome. Her talent is beyond question.
> "Pipers and a Dancer."
> "Poor Man."
>
> HUXLEY, A. — The beauty and shrewdness of his description, the learning, thought and richness of character show Mr. Huxley an excellent and likely to prove a great writer.
> "Antic Hay."
> "Crome Yellow."
> "Little Mexican."

And so on. I do not commend the nature of this librarian's comments, since the comments seem to me to be inadequate; but I think that the librarian has grasped a really important fact about the works of any writers, whether ancient or modern: that, whereas the ordinary reader thinks in books alone,

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these works (to be appreciated) should be read as exemplifications of their authors. Most literary critics assume it to be universally understood that a book is a part of its writer; and at the same time the ordinary reader ignores the fact that unless a book is regarded as being a part of its writer that book is readable only for its accidental qualities. Most ordinary readers are not much interested in the personality of the writer. They yield themselves to that personality unconsciously. They read for the story, or for some thrill or stimulation. Only when the personality of the writer is extremely picturesque do they consciously respond to it. They begin to ask for the new book by So-and-so, and not for the book by its advertised title. With a new writer, they are suspicious and indifferent. Now what I suggest is that librarians might concentrate upon making the new writer — the new writer of conspicuous merit, that is — interesting to the ordinary reader. When the new writer is no longer new, the periodical press will make him or her interesting, because he or she will begin to have news value and will be "worth paragraphing". But the new writer gets little of that, unless he happens, as is often the case, to have a private personal reputation among the members of some clique. In England the average provincial writer is never heard of as a personality. I know of one instance where a novelist of really considerable gifts has failed, through the privacy of her life, to obtain her deserts. I do not suggest that publishers should do more than they at present do, because I think publishers have their hands full. Moreover, publishers naturally tend to overpraise the books they publish; and where all books are masterpieces the general reader is apt to be bewildered. Nor is it likely that more can be done in the press, because the periodicals which celebrate authors at all have very little space to spare for more authors, whose names are unknown. But I do think that librarians might do something to set a true balance. It would pay them to do this. It would pay them to hire some competent person to read every novel by a new writer which comes into the building, to get from the publishers sufficient details of the worthy beginners, and to produce a little monthly bulletin devoted to the new books, with special reference to the work of unknown writers. I do not mean that these things should be puffs. I think they should not usurp the place of reviews. I would not have them — except by implication — attempt any critical estimate. But if they gave some little introduction to the writer and some indication — other than the mere title of the book, often inaccurately rendered — of the style of the book itself, I believe such notes would do a service in helping to train the minds of ordinary readers. At present we have far too much kite reviewing, puffery of friends by friends, and so on. Something of the kind of thing that Mrs. Becker does for the New York "Saturday Review" (and this section of "The Saturday Review" is not only very interesting but also quite obviously one of the most popular features of the journal) is what I have in mind. Something less mechanical than what we now have. Something that would make readers feel that books have life of their own, even if the names of the authors are unfamiliar.

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During the strike, almost unnoticed in the general hurlyburly, one of the most interesting among publishing personalities died. I refer to Mr. J. M. Dent. Mr. Dent had done more, perhaps, than any one other publisher to

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bring good books within the reach of those whose pence were few. I am aware that there were cheap series before Mr. Dent made cheap series; and I am also aware that to present day taste Mr. Dent's cheap series represent something that is not the last word in book production. Yet in their day the Dent books were considered marvels of both cheapness and taste, while "Everyman's Library" has been a boon to all sorts of readers and continues to be a boon. Moreover, Mr. Dent was peculiarly scrupulous in the matter of the form of his books. He is the only publisher I have ever heard of who took the making of even a cheap book so seriously that he would destroy a whole edition which had been unsatisfactorily printed. In days when margins were an accident, and when bindings were simply terrible, he carefully measured margins and carefully made the bindings good and attractive. He was the first modern publisher to realize that a cheap book can be printed well and upon good paper, and that a book which is printed upon good paper looks better than a book equally well printed upon paper of unsuitable and unserviceable texture. The paper, for example, upon which "Everyman's Library" is printed is something of a feat. Only those who have had actual experience will appreciate how difficult it was to get a kind of paper which combined cheapness with such a range of weights and bulkings as to give the series uniformity, whatever the length of the volumes. "The Temple Classics", too, were marvels. I still have about three dozen of these books upon my shelves. They have been in my pocket at different times over a long period of years. I have read and reread them to an extent which would have made inferior books fall to pieces. They show few signs of wear. The type remains clear and readable, and in the matter of "register" they are superior to many other books upon these same shelves which cost several times the price of "The Temple Classics". I should not like to have a whole library in the same form; but that might be said of any cheap series in existence. I must therefore regard Mr. Dent as something more than a pioneer. He seems to me to have done a great work. Strangely enough, although his fame, and to a great extent his business, was founded upon his various series of reprints he was very sensitive about this fame, and always claimed to be something very much more than a publisher of reprints. The claim was well enough founded. He published many sorts of books, and for many sorts of authors. He published the Beardsley "Morte D'Arthur". He also published the first works of Maurice Hewlett — "Pan and the Young Shepherd" and "Earthwork out of Tuscany". He published two of the early works of H. G. Wells — "The Wonderful Visit" and "The Wheels of Chance". He published early works by Mr. Nevinson, Edward Garnett, W. H. Hudson, and other writers who subsequently became famous. His publication of a Balzac in forty volumes, a Marryat in I do not remember how many volumes, a Maria Edgeworth, a Susan Ferrier, a Defoe, a Sterne, a huge Dumas (though this, like his Tolstoy, was of American origin, as was also a curious Hugo), a Fielding, a Jane Austen (or rather, several Jane Austens, for Mr. Dent was one of the first northern publishers to find this novelist a source of continuous profit and pleasure), a Brontë, and I do not recall how many other standard writers, showed how determined he was to produce editions of good books. And it is this side of the Dent business which will always seem to readers of old books to be the

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greatest contribution which the firm has made to publishing. It brings us to the contemplation of what I believe to have been the original impulse from which the business arose. Mr. Dent was first of all a *binder*. As a binder, he found it very difficult to obtain sheets of such books as he wanted to bind—decently printed editions of such classics as would bind up into sets which might be purchased for presentation as wedding gifts and the like. After many struggles to discover editions which pleased his eye, he resolved to make the sheets himself. He began tentatively (I do not guarantee the absolute accuracy of my titles, but I think they are right) with Charles Lamb's "Essays of Elia". He proceeded to a series called "The Temple Library", which contained such books as the plays, poems, and essays of Oliver Goldsmith; some selected essays of Johnson; Lamb's "Specimens", and so on. The books were printed in small type upon handmade paper, and bound in a very pale grey cloth. In size they were rather stumpy little Pott octavos; and of each there was a large paper edition. Not very pretty, according to present day notions, but for that period, which was not a very good one, they were really notable. "The Temple Library" could be leather and vellum bound in all sorts of styles and it was a start along the right road. The cheaper series followed. They flourished. But it was always the binding of those series, rather than the printing of them, that made the books exceptional. The Temple Shakespeare binding, in red paste grain, the green lambskin binding of "The Temple Classics", made the success of those two series. The books went into the pocket, they had annotations which in some cases were valuable to students, and they had a tremendous vogue. At one time Mr. Dent was one of the few publishers whose names were known familiarly to all sorts of readers and book buyers. It was customary to speak of a "Dent book". Nothing can dim that vogue. It made Mr. Dent a distinguished publisher. And Mr. Dent knew this. He used to speak of his "clientèle", and his pride in what he called "beautiful books" was colossal. In person he was one of what I may call the old fashioned bearded publishers. He resembled Fisher Unwin and the late Andrew Chatto in wearing a full beard. He was not a tall man, and owing I think to an accident in childhood he walked with a decided limp. His temper was vehement, and his enthusiasm immense. That he was ever popular in the publishing trade, I do not think I could truthfully say. Nor could I say that he was beloved by his staff. He was feared, and he was admired; but I doubt if he ever got the best out of his staff, as an employer who is loved can generally do. He was also scrupulous in most things belonging to the production of his books. And he could be charming to those he liked and admired. He had a real sense of literature, and a sense of publishing. No detail was too small for his attention. He had a number of friends among those who shared his not very profound enthusiasm for Italy and mediæval Italian saints, literature, and manners; his enthusiasm, too, for Italian art; and it was one of his amusing characteristics that he could never remember how to spell the names of those friends, no matter how many letters he might receive from them. Arthur Symons, for example, he always called "Mr. Author Simmonds", and I have heard of other peculiarities of diction and orthography which I have forgotten or which it would be unbecoming in this place to mention. Mr. Dent was one of

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the first to encourage Aubrey Beardsley; his encouragement of other artists is less well known, but it was constant. He and John Lane had this trait in common. Although Mr. Lane's business embraced the names of more men who were celebrated in their own day, I believe that if one were to go through Mr. Dent's catalogues one would be astonished at the amount of really good work he did in encouraging young talent which was afterward found to be among the best of its time. Another point which should be urged in celebration of Mr. Dent is that he did frequently publish books for the love of them, or for the sake of the pride which he would take in his association with them, even though the books in question were obviously non-commercial enterprises. The thing is frequently done by publishers of any conscience; and the fact should be made known of any of their number of whom it can be ascertained.

* * * *

Mr. Dent, as I have said, published a translation of Tolstoy. Almost every publisher in London has published some work or works by Tolstoy. And in another two years it is likely that those publishers who have not yet included his name in their lists will hasten to set this matter right. In 1928 it will be one hundred years since Tolstoy was born. And although Tolstoyan doctrines are not much loved at the present time by those who are most active in expressing their opinions, I make no doubt that in the byways of the world there are many who still adore them. Mr. Chesterton long ago announced that the Tolstoyan love of humanity was the sort of love which would disgrace a tomcat; and more recently I have read very biting words by Sir Walter Raleigh in which Tolstoy's attitude to life was dismissed as that of any battered sensualist. It is clear, therefore, that Tolstoy is not wholly accepted in this country as a teacher. But as a novelist, I suppose, he stands today higher than he has ever done. I find that many people set him well above Dostoyevsky, and absolutely at the top of the list.

I see that a most impressive list of names has been announced in connection with a great scheme for the celebration of the Tolstoy centenary. Aylmer Maude, the biographer of Tolstoy, is translating and editing the whole of Tolstoy's work. The whole of it! Imagine what a task! I do not know how many volumes the monument will fill. I merely pause, affrighted by the thought of so stupendous an undertaking. Even Mrs. Garnett fell away from Tolstoy after she had translated a few of his major works; and Mr. Maude has been working year after year to make his own translations complete and perfect. It is a life's work. And now, upon the occasion of the centenary, he is to have his reward. A society has been formed with the object of celebrating the event, and its chief aim is the production of Tolstoy's plays in London, and the publication of the complete Maude Tolstoy. Lady Grey of Fallodon is president of the society, and among the vice presidents are Maurice Baring, John Galsworthy, Mr. Granville-Barker, W. B. Maxwell, Professor Gilbert Murray, and Lady Oxford. Prefaces to various volumes of the works have been promised by Mr. Wells, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Granville-Barker, Professor Murray, and Mr. Baring, among others; and I am convinced that we shall have such a boom in Tolstoy in another couple of years as to burst the premises of some of our leading booksellers.

SIMON PURE

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THE SKETCH BOOK

SWIMMING THROUGH LITERATURE

By Elbridge Colby

BACK near the dawn of recorded literature when heroes could not cross the Atlantic on "Leviathans" or "Berengarias", swimming was a common accomplishment of those who loved and won their ladies' hearts, or else overcame their foes in mortal combat. There was the valiant warrior Habib of the "Arabian Nights" to whom "a league is a short way to swim". In the earliest epic of the British race, you may read how the mighty Beowulf "measured the seaways, smote with his hands and glided over the ocean", how, clad in hard and hand linked armor and holding his stout war sword, "over the spacious sea three wintry nights" he was "swimming gradually towards the land", fighting when opportunity offered against the whale fishes and monsters of the water. These were heroes indeed, far more heroic than that Menoetes at whom the Trojans laughed, so Virgil tells us, "to see him swimming with difficulty" — heroes capable of avoiding the ridiculous situation of Palinurus who fell overboard and clung ingloriously to the rudder. It was of such as these that Horace spoke when he remarked: "Was it better to travel o'er the long waves, or to pluck fresh flowers?"

Imagine a hero picking primroses by the river bank while he dashes across the stream to conquests of love! Well have authors bethought themselves of prowess in the water to add to their characters' charms! By it they have enabled the lusty youth to overcome the obstacle, as when Marlowe made his Leander gaze upon the narrow toiling Hellespont, beseech it vainly to part for him as had the Red Sea for the migrating hosts, and finally leap lively in amid the enamored waves and swim to the tower where Hero was. By endowing Dantes with the qualities of a submarine and making him "the best swimmer of Marseilles", Dumas was able to give verisimilitude to the escape from the Château d'If and to narrate the later revenge of Monte Cristo. Because Gautier sketched Meiamoun as one accustomed to bathing near the cataracts of the Nile and able to go under water for long distances, that loving youth could dive beneath a subterranean arch and make more glorious "One of Cleopatra's Nights".

Yet it was not ever thus. The eighteenth century was not so fond of watermanship; it was evidently too strenuous a pastime for those sentimental comedians or too practical an accomplishment to be included in their philosophies. Said Rasselas: "The exercise of swimming is very laborious; the strongest limbs are soon wearied." Still, if such was the case, all the more credit to Holcroft's Frank Henley in "Anna St. Ives", who rescued his rival, proving that he was not merely a poor pursed and high minded intellectual. All the more credit to Mr. Faulkland in "The Rivals" for saving Julia when a rude blast upset her boat. Yet the rescues in these cases brought little or no tangible reward, not even in love. The days of Leander were gone. Julia made haste to admit that she had loved her lover before he preserved her, and

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the inimitable Lydia Languish jestingly remarked: "Why a water spaniel would have done as much! — Well, I never should think of giving my heart to a man because he could swim."

The days of Leander were gone, indeed, until Byron brought them back — Byron who had wantoned in the breakers as well as the boudoirs, trusted in the billows as well as in the pillows, and who seemed to care almost as much for the breast of the sea as for his love. He who claimed to be "a child of the sea" — perhaps the masculine prototype of Venus, born of the beauteous foam — also swam the Hellespont, and boasted of it in "Don Juan", as pointedly as ever Clayton Hamilton boasted of Alfred Noyes's watermanship. Over the water Byron sent his wandering lover, trained by early swimming in a "native stream" to ply with the quick wave and buoy his youthful limbs to shore where charming maidens met and tended him with care, and cheered him with soft attentions.

Yet, lest these allusions seem to lend a purely passionate tinge to swimming litterateurs and shock the excellent souls of those gentlemen of the Red Cross who teach swimming and life saving all over the country throughout the year, it were best perhaps to indicate how aptly the writers of the past have incorporated into their works principles which are still sound doctrine in the teaching of aquatics. There is no clearer description of the relation between the specific gravity of man and that of water than the statement which Poe penned in "The Mystery of Marie Roget":

> Very few human bodies will sink at all, even in fresh water, of their own accord. Almost anyone, falling into a river, will be enabled to float, if he will suffer his whole person to be immersed, with as little exception as possible. The proper position for one who cannot swim, is the upright position of the walker on land, with the head thrown back, and immersed: the mouth and nostrils alone remaining above the surface.

And so the passage goes, telling with that amazing accuracy in detail at which Poe excelled why an arm raised above the water reaching toward the skies would probably send its owner straight to heaven, at least his soul to heaven and his body to the bottom of the deep blue sea.

And then, we find the Red Cross quite opposed to the use of artificial aids in learning: water wings, life preservers, air tubes, and the rest. For the text on this subject, the preacher or teacher may turn to that part of Shakespeare's "Henry VIII" which Fletcher wrote, in which Wolsey says:

> I have ventur'd,
> Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
> This many summers in a sea of glory,
> But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
> At length broke under me, and now has left me,
> Weary and old with service, to the mercy
> Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.

Then, for a tribute to swimming — the only sport you "come clean from", as the Avenue A urchin said to his teacher — how can you match this quatrain from Rupert Brooke:

> Now God be thanked who has matched us with His hour,
> And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,
> With hands made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power
> To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping.

Most dissertations of this sort descend to doggerel sooner or later from harping too long on the one subject, and it is to be hoped that the gentlemen of the Red Cross and the honorable penmen of the past will not be offended if I recite a most modern bit on the

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application of swimming ability. I suppose we might call it "Ichabod!" for it runs — as Poe would say — very nearly if not exactly like this:

He couldn't wait for his ship to come in.
"I'll meet it if I have to swim it."
So he plunged in with a cheerful grin
To swim out to the three-mile limit.

GEORGE GISSING IN AMERICA

By George A. Stearns

GEORGE GISSING spent part of the years 1876 and 1877 in the United States, but his biographers have been in doubt as to his occupation during this period. They agree, however, that he came to Boston, tried teaching and failed to make a living at it, went to Chicago where he arrived with but five dollars in his pocket, had a brief success with short stories for the Chicago "Tribune", and then, finding himself written out, drifted back through Buffalo and Troy and finally turned up in Jena, Germany, where he passed most of the year 1877.

It is not true that he failed as a teacher in the vicinity of Boston. On the contrary, he was eminently successful from the professional standpoint, and his remuneration, if not munificent, sufficed for a comfortable living. My memory of him dates back to 1877, when I was a senior in the high school at Waltham, Massachusetts, completing preparation for Harvard. For two months of that year Gissing was one of the teachers, having charge of the department of modern languages, with classes in French, German, and English literature.

George Robert Gissing was born in Wakefield, Suffolk County, England, in 1857. His early education was gained at private schools, and at fifteen he came out first in the kingdom in the Oxford examination in classics. He won an exhibition at Owens College, Manchester, and entering there completed more than half the course. He early showed great proficiency in languages and the classics, and won several collegiate prizes, but he fell into evil ways and after marrying a woman of the street was expelled from college. It was during the year of the Philadelphia Exposition that his family sent him to this country. Apparently he drifted about as long as his money lasted, and in December, 1876, he appeared in Waltham.

I am not sure how he secured the appointment in the high school, but I think it must have been through the intervention of someone in Boston to whom he had brought a letter of introduction. The chairman of the school committee at the time was Reverend Benton Smith, a retired Universalist clergyman. Mr. Smith was intensely loyal to those of his own denomination, and the strongest recommendation to a teacher's position consisted in being a Universalist. For this reason Tufts College graduates were preferred. Now Gissing was not a Universalist, nor of any other Christian denomination, but he may have brought a letter from some prominent Universalist in Boston. The only person, however, mentioned by Gissing as one to whom he had had letters from home was William Lloyd Garrison, who was not a Universalist. At any rate, Mr. Smith not only secured Gissing the appointment, but took him into his own family to board, although that home was a long two miles from the school, and not the most convenient location for Gissing.

I recall distinctly Gissing's first appearance in school, as he sat on the platform with the other teachers at

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devotional exercises. He disclosed a tall, broad shouldered figure with a shock of light brown hair worn rather long, dull light blue eyes, and a full sandy beard that had evidently never known a razor. He sat with slightly rounded shoulders, hands clasped in his lap, and his thoughts plainly far afield.

Most teachers are popular or unpopular among their pupils, but Gissing was neither. Yet he was universally respected, and never the subject of ridicule. His classes were well conducted, and he was most competent in directing them.

The Harvard requirements of the period demanded the Bucolics of Virgil, a study not included in the curriculum of the school, which then had few college preparatory students. Accordingly, Gissing was engaged as tutor for me in the subject, and it was in the closer association of a private pupil that I came to know him. Neither before nor since that time have I come in contact with anyone who showed so keen a grasp of Latin. It was to him a living language; apparently he thought in it, and I could readily perceive the mentality that had won the Oxford prize. The Bucolics do not offer the same opportunities for expression that Horace or Cicero or even the Æneid presents, but Gissing made the most of them. He would roll out the lines with the zest of an actor on the stage, striving by intonation to bring out the meaning. I remember that on one occasion he halted at the end of a line and, repeating it, exclaimed: "There, that's a fine example of onomatopœia." I had never heard of the term, so he explained it, and then illustrated at length. Leaning back in the chair, his ordinarily dull eyes aglow with interest, he quoted from memory couplet after couplet of English verse that I was to recognize later as choice bits of Keats and Shelley, each illustrative of the figure.

"But the Germans do it best", he said. "Do you know Heine's 'Die Grenadiere'?" With but a few months of German behind me I had not progressed that far, so he quoted *"Bis einst Ich höre Kanonengebrüll"* with such vigor that the meaning was clear. He suggested that I learn the poem by heart, and offered to lend me a copy of it. The following day he brought me a paper bound "Deutsche Gedichte", and I learned the poem. It has remained in my memory ever since. Incidentally, it supplied several words of vocabulary that enabled me to pass the Harvard examination in German a few months later, so I was doubly grateful.

It has always been difficult for me to realize that Gissing was but three years my senior, so mature seemed his mind and so extreme his command of language. I think I, his pupil, really came nearer to him than anyone else at the time. He had no intimates, not a friend. He was a lonely and pathetic figure, living the life of a recluse. Almost the only diversion he allowed himself was an occasional evening in Boston with Mr. Garrison, and on more than one visit he remained so late talking that he missed the last train and was obliged to walk the ten miles of wintry road. Waltham had years before changed from a farming village to a manufacturing town. It then had ten thousand inhabitants, and with its train connection had become a residential suburb of Boston. It was by no means an uncultured community. Gissing might have found congenial companions, but to the habitual reticence of the cultured Englishman he added a peculiar per-

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sonal shyness that discouraged intimacy. He was not a good mixer. Yet once the crust was broken he talked easily and well.

I believe it was the loneliness of the life that made him abandon it. About March 1, two months after his coming, he failed to appear at school one morning. No explanation was ever vouchsafed us, but it was rumored that he had gone back home. In fact, he had gone to Chicago. Very likely he was wearied of teaching and bear leading, and felt he was destined for something different. He did resume teaching for a short time some years later as the tutor for the sons of his friend Frederic Harrison, but that was merely an interlude in his novel writing.

Of Gissing's experiences in America after he left Waltham little is really known. His biographers have assumed that he put into the mouth of one of his characters what was really autobiography, and have adopted it as the story of his life. Whelpdale, one of the minor characters of "New Grub Street", thus relates his experiences. He reached Chicago with but five dollars in his pocket, and immediately expended four and a half of it for a week's board and lodging as insurance against disaster. He sought the editor of a large daily paper, and was amazed at the ease with which he was admitted, and the kindness and courtesy with which he was treated. On his confession that he was entirely lacking in experience with newspaper work he was told there was no place for him. He inquired whether a story of English country life would be acceptable, and was encouraged to submit it. He then expended most of his remaining money in ink and paper, and worked for two days in the noisy lodging house living room until he had completed a tale. It was accepted for the Sunday supplement, and he was paid eighteen dollars for it. Encouraged by this first success, he continued writing tales for some weeks until he found he had written himself out, whereupon he abandoned the field. He turned back east, stopping in Troy, where he subsisted for five days on peanuts, having insufficient funds for more substantial food. Finally a traveling photographer hired him as assistant, supplying him with food and lodging, and paying him a commission on orders. He admitted he was a complete failure at the business, but continued until they reached Boston, where a loan he had besought from a friend in England reached him and enabled him to return home. This is of course all fiction, but it has been accepted and recorded as an autobiographic account of Gissing's experiences, and it is certainly not improbable.

Vincent Starrett of Chicago has unearthed from the files of the Chicago "Tribune" of 1877 four tales which he is sure were the products of Gissing's pen. The first of these, "The Sins of the Fathers", was signed G.R.G. It appeared in the issue of March 10, 1877, less than a fortnight after the departure from Waltham. It may be mentioned that Gissing did not use his middle initial in Waltham, and never used it in any of his literary work published later. Mr. Starrett has published the four tales as an addition to Gissing's long series of books, but they cannot be said to add anything to his reputation. They are palpably pot boilers. However, Gissing was never at his best in the short story.

Morley Roberts, a lifelong friend of Gissing's, has published since his death "The Private Life of Henry Maitland", universally recognized as a

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thinly disguised life of Gissing. Edward Clodd, another literary friend, stigmatizes it as "a patronizing and unsavory biography". It passes hastily over the American episode. The difficulty is to distinguish the fact from the fiction, and one is puzzled to see why it was published as fiction if it is authentic.

Some years after Gissing's departure from Waltham, and after he had acquired fame as a novelist, one of his pupils there wrote him and received a charming reply. A correspondence ensued lasting several years. Gissing always wrote easily and brightly of his work and travels, but never reverted to his days in Waltham or to his departure. To me remains the recollection of an all too brief contact with a great mind, and the memento of the little paper bound volume inscribed in the margin "G. Gissing, Owens College".

BRAHMINS

By Ralph Block

IN France, an æsthetic caste exists by virtue of continuous nourishment on an aristocratic tradition, which has produced a deep natural taste for ordered beauty. In America, which is an economic democracy, the life and maturity of such a body of judgment is endangered by the ease with which large numbers of persons can make money enough to forego the need of taste and tradition. The caste of Boston, one of the earliest in America to make a profession of the priesthood of art, lost its public position after the trend of the banking business moved the centre of culture from Boston to New York. It was succeeded in time by a variety of friars, such as Brander Matthews and Paul Elmer More; but these were never sufficiently united to know the usufructs of a well established monastic order. Their bulls were Olympian in tone and subject, and they did not deign to address the crowd. In this wilderness during the decades after the Spanish-American War, only the lonely voice of James Huneker was raised when strange minstrels tried to enter the gates, left open and unguarded.

In that period, America was treated to a most holy show from Europe. It ran all the way from Maeterlinck to D'Annunzio, and it has fringed down into these years through the Russian Ballet, to the Moscow Art Theatre and "The Miracle".

Now a new generation of ideas and men has arisen, and for the first time America has an æsthetic caste of its own, simon pure. Yet it is a caste born into a world of paradox, paying the penalty of daring to become a caste in the midst of what we call democracy.

In the days of Howells and Gilder a sharp line divided the public sheep from the public goats. The sheep might disagree with their critics inside the fold, but among gentlemen a gentleman's point of view would never go entirely unrespected. The goats, herded on the other side of the seigniorial moat, remained peacefully unaware of these solid standards of judgment, and of their worldly significance. Since those well ordered times, the goats have found their way into the sweet opportunities of democracy and have discovered that not wealth but culture is the hall mark of position in the world. Its pursuit has now become the preoccupation of millions all over these United States. The trails are covered from coast to coast with social and financial arrivists, pushing

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to find and keep a precious place in the devotional ranks of art.

Snobbery, which in America had first to do with blood, later with respectability, and still later with financial position, has now shifted its control to the arts. But in this new phenomenon the infant æsthetic caste faces a dire peril. Its hold on authority, and on the pamphlets which make it possible to record authority for the times to come, is endangered by the careerists who surround it, hoping to catch the crumbs falling from the table of opinion and live in the wake of newly crowned royal judgment.

Shrewd and subtle as against the simplicity of merely honest academicians, the new press agentry has written one of the most fascinating pages in the story of American susceptibility. The old exploiter of public sympathies pursued a comparatively simple and honest course. Milk baths and lions parked in hotel chambers, and other similar forms of cajolery, were the staples of his estate, providing a pleasant relief from the inflexibility of an otherwise monotonous civilization. Even so recently as two years ago Mr. Gest, who is in the tradition not of Belasco but of Barnum, had not invented anything new nor added to that master's technique. The formulas laid down by Barnum when he brought over Jenny Lind were carefully followed by Mr. Gest. The passwords were "Europe" and "spectacle". But something about Moscow stirred Mr. Gest to new efforts and a new approach. Europe, whose charms had lessened with the rise in the surtax, was soft pedaled. Revolution was also stuffed behind the curtain, and the Moscow folk were disclosed without one taint of political scrofula. The new word was "Art", and the world was stampeded into Mr. Gest's magic circle to a degree that might have made a devout æsthetician out of John D. Rockefeller.

While exploitation, recognizing the new snobbery, has thriven, those most concerned with its fruits have found their lot perplexing. The need of any surviving æsthetic caste is an audience — an audience only slightly removed from its holy fathers in the power of begetting authoritative decisions, and fully their peer in understanding. As an audience, moreover, it must be empowered by the prerogatives of wealth to maintain an aristocratic manner and tastes, and must be small enough to keep to the exclusiveness which will make it a caste. If everyone were able to enter, the game would be up, and the captains and the priests would have to retire to another eminence and throw up walls for another temple.

But how maintain this necessary separation from the jolly hoi polloi? The new æsthetic priesthood in these States has not yet found any way to answer this question, and its accouchement is attended by disaster. Every year, more and more millionaires send their wives and offspring to New York, equipped with American shrewdness and plenty of money, to hunt the wary fox of art, and seize his brush. The result of this invasion is an audience, eager and wealthy, but lacking the one essential element to serve the anxious priests. Once a *succès d'estime* is launched in New York, it is vulgarized in a fortnight. The crowd has no need of understanding to play its part in this futile drama. The fear of becoming *déclassé* in the new manner is a sufficient impulse to drive it toward the altars. Out of it comes only a paradox, with the priests monastically guarding the sacred and still timid flame, and

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the crowd with loud huzzas rushing the sextons at the gate.

As a New York phenomenon, these furious urges for the holiness bestowed by culture and the methods of pursuing it are not without their provincial parallels. In essence it is the Chautauqua process, which bases its appeal on the democratization of knowledge in small towns. For Senator Blueridge and Blind Tom at the piano, substitute Bertrand Russell and the League of Composers, change the cantata "Snow White" to "Pierrot Lunaire", move the crowd from the tabernacle on any Main Street to the Town Hall in West Forty Third Street or Wanamaker's Book Department, and the result is the same.

The advantages are of course on the side of those who seek culture, it would seem. They are provided with a new excitement in life and a never ending supply of intellectual bijouterie with which to adorn the chase. But for the aspiring priesthood, it is a losing fight. If their voice is unheard, they are left to pray in a cathedral solitude; the world sweeps on. But once any popularity is achieved, they will be enthusiastically drawn into the flood, no matter with how much resistance these holy fathers may view such diversion from the amenities of cloistered meditation. And because they are still young as a caste and unfit for an active world, their troubles only begin once they are in intimate contact with an aspiring democracy. The priests have many camps, few in agreement with any others, often unconscious of any other than themselves. Young devotees who return from Paris are Dada, Nouvelle Revue, Primitive or Sensationalist. Young novitiates who do not go to Paris but lean in the general Gallic direction cling to the sage of the Villa Said. There are also the Expressionists from Berlin, the Satirists of Vienna and Pest, the Croceans, and the American and Algonquin schools.

It may be seriously argued that this expanding manifestation of the play instinct is a promise for the future of civilized life in America. In effect, so far it has meant only that what is pronounced to be good art one year is forgotten the next; and American culture becomes a flashy procession of novelties. Who can say convincingly that this is not as it should be? It may at least well represent a nervous and childlike people.

THE STORY OF A PHOTOGRAPH

By Sherril Schell

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems, and new!

IT was Francis Meynell, Alice Meynell's son, who first mentioned Rupert Brooke's name to me and suggested that I photograph him. "You have taken so many of our celebrities," he said, "your collection will be quite incomplete without his portrait." Afterward I heard much of him, of his poems, of his great popularity and of his remarkable beauty, everyone saying: "You must take his photograph!" As far as I remember I had never heard the word "beautiful" used to describe a man, and I was invariably amused whenever the most matter of fact English people spoke to me of "the beautiful Rupert Brooke", visualizing in spite of myself a sort of male Gladys Cooper or a Lady Diana Manners in tweed cap and plus fours. This bizarre picture remained fixed in my mind until at

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Rider's Book Shop I met a friend of the poet's who gave me an altogether different picture of the youthful paragon.

I learned from him that Brooke was a genial, wholesome fellow entirely unspoiled by all the adoration and adulation he had received from the great of the land — people like the Asquiths, the Lyttons, and the Wyndhams — an all round athlete, who spent most of his time out of doors, tramping the country roads, reading Dr. Johnson under the shade of oak and yew, and never failing to take a swim whenever his feet led him to lake or stream. Decidedly the most promising of all the younger poets, and in short a type of all round fellow that only England seems to produce. Again it was suggested that I take his picture, this time with the warning that I should get in touch with him without delay since he was leaving within a fortnight for America. Yielding at last to universal urging, I that evening posted a letter to Brooke asking him to sit for me. A day later I received the following scrawl on a postcard, his favorite means of communication: "I'll call on you Thursday at three. R. B."

In the spring of 1913 I was occupying a flat in St. George's Square, Pimlico, near the Thames Embankment. Here in my living room I took photographs, handicapped considerably by not possessing any artificial light equipment to counteract London murkiness. But the stolid English folk have the power of sitting quiet for lengthy intervals, and in spite of fogs that ranged in consistency from consommé to pea soup I managed to get good likenesses of patient John Bulls when nervous Americans would have registered only a series of blurred outlines.

The day was foggy as usual. I remember speculating, as I set up my camera, as to whether Brooke would be able to duplicate Algernon Blackwood's Spartan feat of keeping perfectly still one whole minute without the least change of expression. Suddenly I heard a bang at the door, and the Marchioness stuck in her head. "Oh, sir," she panted, "there's an orful 'andsome gentleman below as wants to see you." Let it be explained that the Marchioness was the maid of all work, who had had this title bestowed upon her by an observant Dickens lover in the lower flat.

"Ask him to come up", I commanded. A minute later I heard someone bounding up the stairs, and Brooke stood on the landing giving my hand a hearty shake. The quotation which H. W. Nevinson has used in his eulogy of the poet, "a pard-like spirit", always comes to my mind when I recall this first meeting. He was dressed in a suit of homespun, with a blue shirt and blue necktie. The tie was a curious affair, a long piece of silk wide enough for a muffler, tied like the ordinary four-in-hand. On any other person this costume would have seemed somewhat *outré*, but in spite of its carefully studied effect it gave him no touch of eccentricity. Someone has told me that he sometimes wore a black shirt and a flaming red tie with socks to match, and that in the country he often dispensed with footwear altogether. His shapely feet, and particularly his mobile toes, are as vividly remembered by his intimates as his face or hands.

His face was more remarkable for its expression and coloring than for its modeling. His complexion was not the ordinary pink and white of a certain type of Englishman, but ruddy and tanned. His hair, a golden brown with sprinklings of red, added con-

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siderably to the impression of vitality that was his in such generous measure. The lines of his face were not faultless. His forehead was well shaped, as were his deep set eyes, but he had narrowly escaped being snubnosed. His mouth was more expressive than strong, and the lines of his chin should have been more firmly drawn. His eyes, rather small than large, were blue in color but at times they seemed to take on a darker pigmentation. Occasionally they displayed an electric flash unusual in a country of limpid blue eyed men.

As to height, my impression is that he was about five feet ten, though it is possible he may have been taller. He would have gained in impressiveness had he carried himself erect. While standing he was inclined to stoop, and when he sat he lounged back in his chair or bent forward chin in hand. As I remember his hands, they were large and strong looking, a mixture of the practical and psychic. His movements were not graceful or forceful — a person not too much under his spell would have described them as awkward or even clumsy — but there was so much glamour about him that these shortcomings as a rule passed unnoticed. His manner was cordial and entirely unaffected, and the friendliness and honesty of his glance inspired instant confidence and liking.

Although his was not a musical voice, it had an agreeable quality in spite of its huskiness. And when he talked his charm was enhanced by a kind of spiritual radiance emanating from him. He had a great deal to say that afternoon about the Russian Ballet and about Ethel Levey, whom he had seen more times than he could remember in a revue called "Hullo Ragtime". His enthusiasm for this versatile actress apparently knew no bounds. The next time I saw Brooke, a year later, was at a performance of "Outcast", after his return from America and the South Seas. Miss Levey was appearing in this play as costar with Gerald du Maurier. "What did I tell you?" he exclaimed. "That woman can do anything! The part isn't her affair at all, but how remarkably good she is! Give her something worthwhile and she'll do wonders!"

He spoke too that afternoon of his forthcoming trip to America and asked many questions about California, keen to know all about the different trails to the high Sierras, about the natives of that part of the world, the animals and the big trees. He thought he would stay in the west most of the time and possibly try to get something to do in the way of work out there. He seemed all eagerness to be off on his adventure, but now and then a wistful expression would pass over his face that gave me the impression that he was not entirely happy at going away. Friendship meant much in his life.

I made about a dozen exposures of him that day, the last one a pose that he himself suggested, his face in profile showing his bare neck and shoulders. For this he stripped to the waist, revealing a torso that recalled the young Hermes. This photograph appeared in the 1914 volume of his poems and made quite a sensation. A portrait medallion in white marble executed by Thomas Harvard from this picture was placed in Rugby chapel in 1919. Beneath it is the inscription "Rupert Brooke, 1887–1915", and his sonnet "The Soldier" beginning:

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. . . .

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THE NEW YORKER

Biggest and Barest of the Summer Shows—An English-American Revue—The Shade of Comstock Returns—About This and That

THE first of the major summer revues to stir the blood and brighten the jaded eye of that vast class which apparently derives its theatrical nourishment from this type of show alone was "The Great Temptations". We must admit that the lavish Shuberts have been even more lavish than is their wont in staging this production. More yards of shapely whitened limbs, occasionally clad in gold lace, than we had ever seen before, paraded before us. The costumes, when there were any, were gorgeous and built along strictly conventional revue lines. The Shuberts' electric light bill must gladden the corporate heart of the Edison Company, and the music which a swollen orchestra sprayed over us was so pleasantly familiar that one could swear that some of the tunes had been whistled just the season before last — as doubtless they had been in slightly different form. In short, there was everything assembled to make this revue bigger and better than ever before, except fun. The Winter Garden was the most humorless spot that we have struck in a long time. Not that the industrious producers had not done their best. Various people had been engaged to make us laugh, and perhaps they feel they earn their salary. We are quite sure they do not. Dreary jokes all bordering on adulterous themes, and not too new at that, were offered for the audience's delectation. The sketches were as bad. Granted that there is something essentially funny in the sight of a man being caught in bed with another man's wife, still after the fifteenth time it begins to pall a little even when played with variations. Evidently the authors of the Shuberts' skits have, like the French, only one joke.

For one who is content to sit somnolently watching naked young women posturing appropriately as opium, gold, wine, and so forth in the temptation parts, doubtless this show will be considered a riot; for one who asks a bit more it is a funeral. Two dancers fresh from Paris, Roseray and Cappella, alone redeemed "The Great Temptations" from utter mediocrity by the beauty and grace of their performance, and there was far too little of them.

It isn't necessary for a revue to be dull. The Messers. Shubert again, in association with Albert de Courville, prove in "The Merry World" that there can be humor in summer shows. Perhaps Mr. de Courville is responsible, but we think that it is the English actors in happy combination with American chorus beauties who have added that spice so lacking in "The Great Temptations". "The Merry World" is funny. Not more than two of its sketches need be deleted, and at least three of them are priceless. That is indeed a high average. There is some good dancing, some effective marching by the chorus, Evelyn Herbert sings well, and for the first time we discovered Lily Long, who in "The Unexpected" is certainly as funny as

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Beatrice Lillie at her funniest. Next year this young woman will probably be given a part where her servant girl specialty is emphasized and where she has an opportunity for more Cockney talk. Now she is largely wasted.

One scene made us open our eyes, it was so suggestive of what you might find in the Casino or the Folies Bergères of Paris — at least in name. This sketch, euphoniously titled "Ceinture de Chasteté", depicts the mediæval custom of the knights bound for the Crusades who unchivalrously locked up their ladies in iron belts so that they would find them, well, still ladies on their return. Of course it is simply another excuse for the young persons of the ensemble to parade about nude. The butter and egg men scattered through the audience showed an almost passionate interest in this method of studying at close range the practices of the past, but we doubt if they pass on their newfound culture to the nebulous wives who are presumably waiting for them in points west of Manhattan Transfer.

This summer we have gone rural and are rusticating in the country. Our decision as to whether we shall make the arduous trip to New York to see this or that production largely depends, therefore, on the reports in our favorite newspaper. Recently a play called "Beyond Evil" was reported as being not only dull but indecent. Now it is a curious fact, but true, that more can be written about a poor play than about a good one; and when a dash of indecency is added the reviewer is sure to be able to fill half a column. There was more than that to this play; it was said to show Eugene O'Neill a thing or two about the dangers of miscegenation; and anything that sets out to instruct the astute Mr. O'Neill ought to be worth inspecting for its comic possibilities alone. In this case, however, we suspect that the success of "Lulu Belle" rather than "All God's Chillun Got Wings" inspired "Beyond Evil". At any rate, we sped cityward in a fast Ford; but alas, injunctions and padlocks sped faster. When we arrived for the Wednesday matinée we found the doors closed, an angry crowd clamoring without, and the leading woman vanished. Since then, we understand, the show has opened again under a restraining order from the court or some such device, but we shall never see it. Experience has taught us that if we do not manage to see a play by the second night our chances of seeing it are slight, be we ever so eager. The flood of new plays constantly descending on us makes it an impossibility.

There was once a time when the critic could sink back with a sigh during July and August, comfortable in the knowledge that he would have eight weeks in which to accumulate a little surplus fat and make up lost sleep; but those days are past. Now there are practically as many openings in summer as in winter, and the only difference is in the quality of entertainment. Producers are an optimistic lot. They go on hopefully exhibiting wares some of which are so frightful that even a blind man could see they would not outlast the week in which the theatre is guaranteed. We realize, however, that it is impossible always to predict correctly when we see that our special detestation, "The Patsy", has just had its two hundredth performance. But there may be a reason for this. One ramping mother told us angrily that it was the only clean play in town to which to take her little girl, and that the child had already seen it three times. We declined to recommend anything else, and evaded her stern

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eye by murmuring that we didn't write 'em. The daughter looked so bored that we should not be at all surprised to see her some day slipping quietly into "The Shanghai Gesture".

Not only in the home is Purity raising its grisly head. More plays than "Beyond Evil" got into trouble this month. The Citizens Protective Alliance or the Association of Virtuous Bank Clerks, or whatever the organization which tells us what is decent and what indecent is called, got on the job and inspected a number of plays now current on Broadway. The exact total of their findings evades us at the moment, but we know that we played in our usual hard luck. "The Bunk of 1926" which we had not seen was ordered closed. No one seems to know why exactly. We hurriedly telephoned one of our confrères, who with more fortitude than we possess had made the trip way up to Harlem for the opening, only to be informed that in his opinion it was innocuous. But a jury of good men and true have declared it improper, so perhaps it is.

"The Great Temptations" also came in for a taste of the whip of virtue. A skit called "A Harlem Incident" was declared inimical to the wellbeing of the community and ordered deleted forthwith. In a panic the producers immediately complied. In vain we racked our brains. We remembered a very dull and to our mind disgusting bit called "On the Veranda" which is the kind of smut small boys indulge in, but no memory of that Harlem Incident lingered. Probably that was the moment in which we became unconscious from boredom. If we missed anything funny we regret it, otherwise we do not care at all.

In general we do not approve of play juries and the like. Their intentions may be good, but what they accomplish is often faulty. In the first place, they call attention to sore spots which otherwise dry up naturally or fester only for those obscene enough and patient enough to seek them out. In the second place, there seems to be no standard of indecency. In only one case was such a body able to summon the nine votes necessary to declare a play deserving of being closed. If so small a number of men and women — presumably selected for their Puritan noses — find themselves unable to agree, how can the rest of us? Which makes us almost believe what we have long suspected, that morals are only a matter of custom and climate anyway.

LARRY BARRETTO

THE DRAMA SHELF

"The Shanghai Gesture" by John Colton (Boni, Liveright). Successful sex served on a platter of shrewdness.

"Bride of the Lamb" by William Hurlbut (Boni, Liveright). More sex symbolism pounded in with a hammer.

"Alexander and Three Small Plays" by Lord Dunsany (Putnam). The noble writer still vaunts his noble language.

"The Way to Keep Him" by Arthur Murphy (Oxford). An eighteenth century comedy of manners.

"Shakespeare: A Survey" by E. K. Chambers (Oxford). All modern studies of Shakespeare begin to look alike, but this seems more readable than many.

"Fulgens and Lucres" by Henry Medwall (Oxford). Exquisite printing in this reissue of a fifteenth century drama.

"The Practical Theatre" by Frank Shay (Appleton). A concise manual instructing the amateur in every phase of production.

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THE BALLAD OF THE DARK BROTHER

By Lindley Williams Hubbell

Illustrated by C. C. Pyle

I

WHEN you were only twelve or so
And I was scarcely older,
We'd bend our heads above a book,
Shoulder touching shoulder.

And my black hair would tumble down
And your gold hair would follow,
And there we'd huddle half the night
Until the hearth burned hollow.

And people seeing you would say,
"A brave lad and fleet;
And he is tall and golden
As any sheaf of wheat."

But "He is dark", they'd say of me,
"As any raven's wing.
It is apparent he will live
To do a dreadful thing."

When you were eighteen, more or less,
And I was maybe twenty,
My days and nights I spent alone,
But you had girls a-plenty.

And folks would say, "The chaste youth
Girls are in vain adoring,
While his dark brother skulks all day
And spends the night a-whoring."

And when we grew to manhood
The neighbors' brats would sing
Songs about a wheat ear
And a crow's wing.

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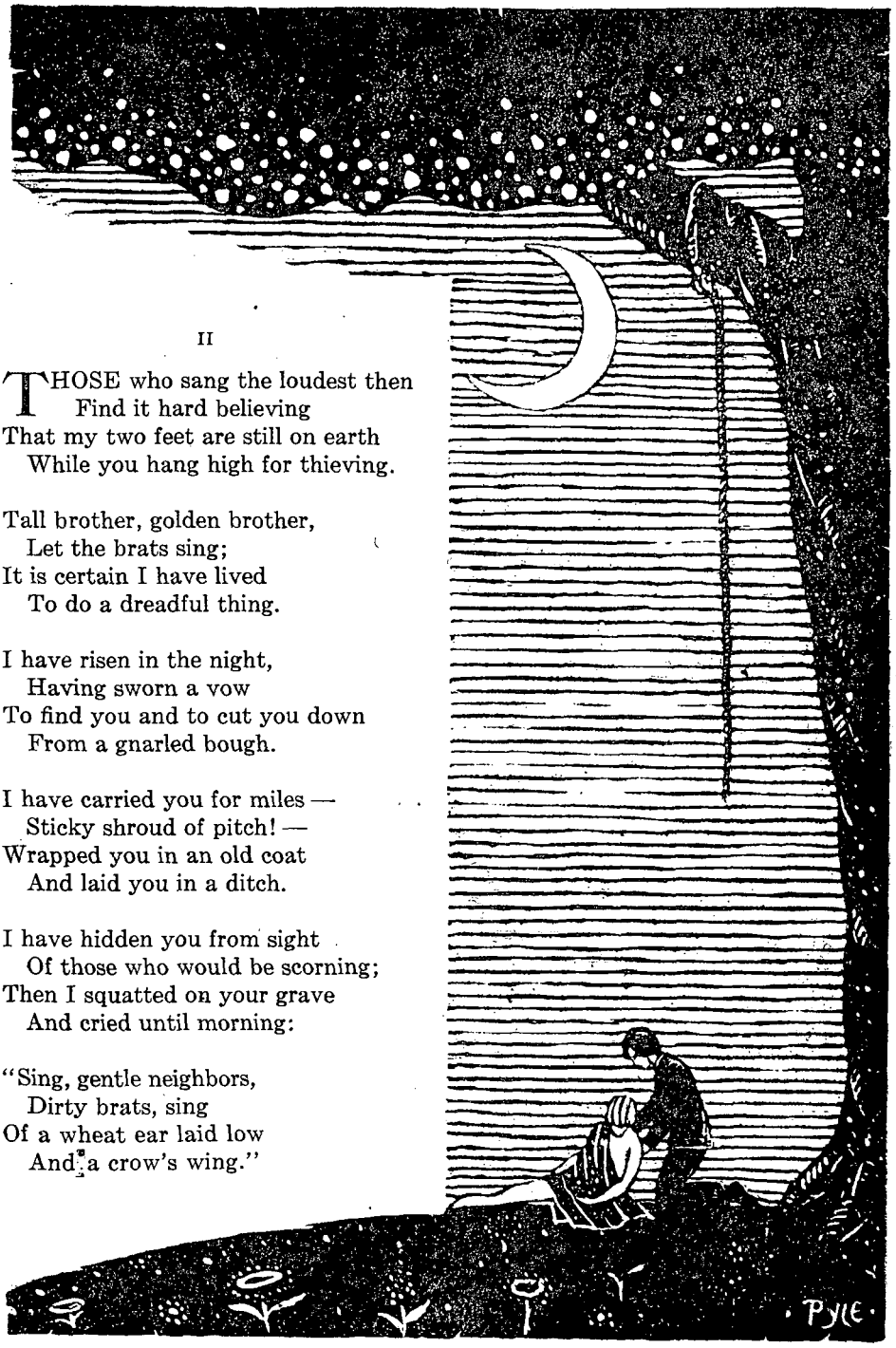

II

THOSE who sang the loudest then
Find it hard believing
That my two feet are still on earth
While you hang high for thieving.

Tall brother, golden brother,
Let the brats sing;
It is certain I have lived
To do a dreadful thing.

I have risen in the night,
Having sworn a vow
To find you and to cut you down
From a gnarled bough.

I have carried you for miles —
Sticky shroud of pitch! —
Wrapped you in an old coat
And laid you in a ditch.

I have hidden you from sight
Of those who would be scorning;
Then I squatted on your grave
And cried until morning:

"Sing, gentle neighbors,
Dirty brats, sing
Of a wheat ear laid low
And a crow's wing."

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DIARY OF AN EASTERN JOURNEY

By Aldous Huxley

CAWNPORE. From its advertisements, much may be learned of a nation's character and habits of thought. The following brief anthology of Indian advertisements is compiled from newspapers, magazines, medical catalogues and the like. Several of the most characteristic specimens are taken from the Cawnpore "Congress Guide", an official publication intended for the use of delegates and interested visitors. It is with one of these appeals to India's most enlightened public that I make a beginning:

Beget a son and Be Happy by using the "SON BIRTH PILL", my special secret Hindu Shastrick preparation, according to directions. Ladies who have given birth to daughters only WILL SURELY HAVE SONS NEXT and those who have sons MUST HAVE MALE ISSUES ONCE AGAIN by the Grace of God. Fortunate persons desirous of begetting sons are bringing this marvellous Something into use for brightening their dark homes and making their lives worth their living. It is very efficacious and knows no failure. Self praise is no recommendation. Try and be convinced. But if you apply, mentioning this publication, with full history of your case, along with a consultation fee of Rupees Ten (Foreign one guinea), only giving your "Word of Honour" to give me a SUITABLE REWARD (naming the amount) according to your means and position in life, just on the accomplishment of your desire in due course of time, you can have the same Free, ABSOLUTELY FREE. Act immediately, for this FREE OFFER may not remain open indefinitely.

Here are some pleasing hair oil advertisements from various sources:

Dr.——'s Scented Almond Oil. Best preparation to be used as hair oil for men who do mental work. The effects of almond oil on brain are known to everybody.

Jabukusum is a pure vegetable oil, to which medicinal ingredients and the perfume have been added to prevent all affectations [*sic*] of the hair and the brain.

There are several panaceas on the Indian market. There is, for example, Siddha Kalpa Makaradhwaja which "is a sure and infallible specific for all Diseases and it never fails to effect a satisfactory cure in the patient, be his ailment whatever it may. Among the various diseases amenable to its administration, to state a few, are the following: — Debility, general or nervous, including Nervous Prostration, due to whatever cause, Loss of Memory, Giddiness and Insanity . . . Asthma and Consumption, all stomach troubles . . . Cholera . . . all Kidney and Bladder Troubles . . . all Acute and Chronic Venereal Diseases . . . Leprosy of all kinds, White, Black, Red, etc. . . . Rheumatism, Paralysis, Epilepsy . . . Hysteria, Sterility . . . and all Fevers, including Malaria, Pneumonia, Influenza and such other poisonous ones."

Not a bad medicine, but nothing to the "Infallible Cure for 'Incurable' Diseases, habits and defects", advertised in the Cawnpore "Congress Guide". The announcement runs as follows:

I have discovered the natural system of cure for all diseases, habits, defects, failings etc., without the use of deleterious and pernicious drugs or medicines. Being Scientific, it is absolutely safe, simple, painless, pleasant, rapid and infallible. Diseases like hysteria, epilepsy, rheumatism, loss of memory, paralysis, insanity and mania; addiction to smoking, opium, drink etc; impotence, sterility, adultery

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and the like can be radically cured duly by My System. Come to me after everyone else has failed to do you good. I guarantee a cure in every case undertaken. Every case needs to be treated on its special merits, and so applicants should furnish me with the complete history of the health of the patient and general occupation from birth, height, measurement over chest or bust, waist and hips, and a photograph with as little dress on as possible, along with a consultation fee of Rupees Five, without which no replies can be sent.

If the buying of a postal order were not so insuperably a nuisance, I should send five rupees to get the details of the adultery cure. So much cheaper than divorce.

The following are characteristic of a large class of Indian advertisements:

WONDERFUL WORK!!!
Works wonders in the earthly pleasure.
MARAD MITRA LAPE
Will make you a man in one day.
MARAD MITRA YAKUTI
Renews all your lost vigour and enables you to enjoy the pleasure with increased delights. Try once. 1 Bottle Rs 10. ½ Bottle Rs 5.

FREE! FREE!!
Do you want "Secret of Happiness from Conjugal Encounter" and "Good Luck"? If so apply for the illustrated literature to ——.

The enormous number of such advertisements testifies to the disastrous effect on Indian manhood of the system of child marriages. The effects, as Gandhi has pointed out in his autobiography, would probably be still worse, if it were not for the fact that Hindu girl wives generally spend at least half the year with their own parents, away from their schoolboy husbands.

The testimonials of Indian sufferers relieved by patent medicines are generally of a most lyrical character, and the oddity of the English in which they are written gives them an added charm. Here is one from an Indian Christian:

I can say really the medicine —— is sent by Lord Jesus Christ to the sinful world to save the poor victims from their dreadful diseases. In my 8 years experience in medical line I have come across many preparations of medicine but I have not seen such a wonderful medicine as ——. Please send 10 phials more.

Another pious gentleman writes:

I am living to see that I am what I am by the wonderful cure these pills wrought in me by the Grace of God who I think has put the wisdom of preparing such pills into the head of our Venerable Pundit ——.

Another has "no hesitation in recommending it to the suffering humanity". Yet another writes as follows:

Several of my friends and myself have been using your —— for over four months for Influenza, Lumbago, Dyspepsia, Syphilis, Rheumatism and Nervous Debility with complete success. There has not been a case in which it failed. I will call it an Ambrosia.

The classical allusion is elegant and apt. One is not surprised to find that the author is a Bachelor of Arts.

One of the evil results of the political subjection of one people by another is that it tends to make the subject nation unnecessarily and excessively conscious of its past. Its achievements in the old great days of freedom are remembered, counted over, and exaggerated by a generation of slaves, anxious to convince the world and themselves that they are as good as their masters. Slaves cannot talk of their present greatness, because it does not exist; and prophetic visions of the future are necessarily vague and unsatisfying. There remains the past. Out of the scattered and isolated facts of history it is possible to build up Utopias and Cloud Cuckoo Lands as variously fantastic as the New Jerusalems of prophecy. It is to the past — the gorgeous imaginary past of those whose present is inglorious, sordid, and humiliating — it is to the delightful founded-on-fact romances of history that subject peoples invariably turn. Thus, the savage

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and hairy chieftains of Ireland became in due course the Great Kings of Leinster, the mighty Emperors of Meath. Through centuries of slavery the Serbs remembered and idealized the heroes of Kossovo. And for the oppressed Poles, the mediæval Polish empire was much more powerful, splendid, and polite than the Roman. The English have never been an oppressed nationality; they are in consequence most healthily unware of their history. They live wholly in the much more interesting worlds of the present, in the worlds of politics and science, of business and industry. So fully, indeed, do they live in the present, that they have compelled the Indians, like the Irish at the other end of the world, to turn to the past.

In the course of the last thirty or forty years a huge pseudo historical literature has sprung up in India, the melancholy product of a subject people's inferiority complex. Industrious and intelligent men have wasted their time and their abilities in trying to prove that the ancient Hindus were superior to every other people in every activity of life. Thus, each time the West has announced a new scientific discovery, misguided scholars have ransacked Sanskrit literature to find a phrase that might be interpreted as a Hindu anticipation of it. A sentence of a dozen words, obscure even to the most accomplished Sanskrit scholars, is triumphantly quoted to prove that the ancient Hindus were familiar with the chemical constitution of water. Another, no less brief, is held up as the proof that they anticipated Pasteur in the discovery of the microbic origin of disease. A passage from the mythological poem of the Mahabharata proves that they had invented the Zeppelin.

Remarkable people, these old Hindus. They knew everything that we know or, indeed, are likely to discover, at any rate until India is a free country; but they were unfortunately too modest to state the fact baldly and in so many words. A little more clarity on their part, a little less reticence, and India would now be centuries ahead of her western rivals. But they preferred to be oracular and telegraphically brief. It is only after the upstart West has repeated their discoveries that the modern Indian commentator upon their works can interpret their dark sayings as anticipations. On contemporary Indian scholars the pastime of discovering and creating these anticipations never seems to pall. Such are the melancholy and futile occupations of intelligent men who have the misfortune to belong to a subject race. Free men would never dream of wasting their time and wit upon such vanities. From those who have not shall be taken away even that which they have.

Benares. A notable banyan tree stands by the side of the Jaunpur road, where it leaves the Civil Lines. Under the dense foliage lingers a kind of cathedral darkness, and the rooted and already massive offshoots from the parent branches are the cathedral pillars. But the shoots which have not yet reached the ground and hang in the dim air like the ends of aimlessly trailing cables, have an aspect strangely sinister and unholy. They hang there, motionless, and the cathedral of the banyan grove is transformed into a Piranesian prison.

The banyan is like the Hindu family. Its scions remain, even in maturity, attached to the parent tree. The national tree of England is the oak, and English families — once, no doubt, as banyan-like as the Indian — are coming to resemble handfuls of scattered acorns that grow up at a distance from their

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tree of origin. Those who have had, in India or on the continent of Europe, any experience of the really united banyan family, can only feel thankful at the turn our social botany is taking.

It was said that the eclipse of the sun would be visible from Benares. But it needed more than smoked glass to see it; the eye of faith was also indispensable. That, alas, we did not possess. Partial to the point of being non-existent, the eclipse remained, for us at least, unseen. Not that we minded. For it was not to look at the moon's silhouette that we had rowed out that morning on the Ganges; it was to look at the Hindus looking at it. The spectacle was vastly more extraordinary.

There were, at the lowest estimate, a million of them on the bathing ghats that morning. A million. All the previous night and day they had been streaming into the town. We had met them on every road, trudging with bare feet through the dust, an endless and silent procession. In bundles balanced on their heads they carried provisions and cooking utensils and dried dung for fuel, with the new clothes which it is incumbent on pious Hindus to put on after their bath in honor of the eclipsed sun. Many had come far. The old men leaned wearily on their bamboo staves. Their children astride of their hips, the burdens on their heads automatically balanced, the women walked in a trance of fatigue. Here and there we would see a little troop that had sat down to rest — casually, as is the way of Indians, in the dust of the road and almost under the wheels of the passing vehicles.

And now the day and the hour had come. The serpent was about to swallow the sun. (It was about to swallow him in Sumatra, at any rate. At Benares it would do no more than nibble imperceptibly at the edge of his disk.) The serpent, should one say, was going to try to swallow the sun. A million of men and women had come together at Benares to assist the Light of Heaven against his enemy.

The ghats go down in furlong-wide flights of steps to the river, which lies like a long arena at the foot of enormous tiers of seats. The tiers were thronged today. Floating on the Ganges, we looked up at acres upon sloping acres of humanity.

On the smaller and comparatively unsacred ghats the crowd was a little less densely packed than on the holiest steps. It was at one of these less crowded ghats that we witnessed the embarkation on the sacred river of a princess. Canopied and curtained with glittering cloth of gold, a palanquin came staggering down through the crowd on the shoulders of six red liveried attendants. A great barge, like Noah's ark, its windows hung with scarlet curtains, floated at the water's edge. The major domo shouted and shoved and hit out with his rod of office; a way was somehow cleared. Slowly, and with frightful lurchings, the palanquin descended. It was set down, and in the twinkling of an eye a little passageway of canvas had been erected between the litter and the door of the barge. There was a heaving of cloth of gold, a flapping of the canvas: the lady— the ladies, for there must have been several of them in the litter — had entered the barge unobserved of any vulgar eye. Which did not prevent them, a few minutes later when the barge had been pushed out into midstream, from lifting the scarlet curtains and peering out with naked faces and unabashed curiosity at the passing boats and our inquisitive camera. Poor princesses! They could not bathe with their plebeian and unimprisoned

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sisters in the open Ganges. Their dip was to be in the barge's bilge water. The sacred stream is filthy enough under the sky. What must it be like after stagnating in darkness at the bottom of an ancient barge?

We rowed on toward the burning ghats. Stretched out on their neat little oblong pyres, two or three corpses were slowly smoldering. They lay on burning fagots, they were covered by them. Gruesomely and grotesquely, their bare feet projected, like the feet of those who sleep uneasily on a bed too short and under exiguous blankets.

A little farther on we saw a row of holy men, sitting like cormorants on a narrow ledge of masonry just above the water. Crosslegged, their hands dropped limply, palm upward, on the ground beside them, they contemplated the brown and sweating tips of their noses. It was the Lord Krishna himself who, in the Bhagavad Gîta, prescribed that the mystic squint. Lord Krishna, it is evident, knew all that there is to be known about the art of self hypnotism. His simple method has never been improved on; it puts the mystical ecstasy *à la portée de tous*. The noise of an assembled million filled the air; but no sound could break the meditative sleep of the nosegazers.

At a given moment the eye of faith must have observed the nibblings of the demoniacal serpent. For suddenly and simultaneously all those on the lowest steps of the ghats threw themselves into the water and began to wash and gargle, to say their prayers and blow their noses, to spit and drink. A numerous band of police abbreviated their devotions and their bath in the interest of the crowds behind. The front of the waiting queue was a thousand yards wide; but a million people were waiting. The bathing must have gone on uninterruptedly the whole day.

Time passed. The serpent went on nibbling imperceptibly at the sun. The Hindus counted their beads and prayed, made ritual gestures, ducked under the sacred slime, drank, and were moved on by the police to make room for another instalment of the patient million. We rowed up and down, taking snapshots. West is West.

In spite of the serpent, the sun was uncommonly hot on our backs. After a couple of hours on the river, we decided that we had had enough, and landed. The narrow lanes that lead from the ghats to the open streets in the centre of the town were lined with beggars, more or less holy. They sat on the ground with their begging bowls before them; the charitable, as they passed, would throw a few grains of rice into each of the bowls. By the end of the day the beggars might, with luck, have accumulated a square meal. We pushed our way slowly through the thronged alleys. From an archway in front of us emerged a sacred bull. The nearest beggar was dozing at his post — those who eat little sleep much. The bull lowered its muzzle to the sleeping man's bowl, made a scouring movement with its black tongue, and a morning's charity had gone. The beggar still dozed. Thoughtfully chewing, the Hindu totem turned back the way it had come and disappeared.

Being stupid and having no imagination, animals often behave far more sensibly than men. Efficiently and by instinct they do the right, appropriate thing at the right moment — eat when they are hungry, look for water when they feel thirst, make love in the mating season, rest or play when they have leisure. Men are intelligent and imaginative; they look backward and ahead; they invent ingenious explanations for observed phenomena; they devise elaborate and roundabout means

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for the achievement of remote ends. Their intelligence, which has made them the masters of the world, often causes them to act like imbeciles. No animal, for example, is clever and imaginative enough to suppose that an eclipse is the work of a serpent devouring the sun. That is the sort of explanation that could occur only to a human mind. And only a human being would dream of making ritual gestures in the hope of influencing, for his own benefit, the outside world. While the animal, obedient to its instinct, goes quietly about its business, man, being endowed with reason and imagination, wastes half his time and energy in doing things that are completely idiotic.

So I reflected, as I watched the sacred bull lick up the rice from the dozing beggar's bowl. While a million people undertake long journeys, suffer fatigue, hunger, and discomfort in order to perform, in a certain stretch of very dirty water, certain antics for the benefit of a fixed star ninety million miles away, the bull goes about looking for food and fills its belly with whatever it can find. In this case, it is obvious, the bull's brainlessness causes it to act much more rationally than its masters.

To save the sun (which might, one feels, very safely be left to look after itself) a million of Hindus will assemble on the banks of the Ganges. How many, I wonder, would assemble to save India? An immense energy which, if it could be turned into political channels, might liberate and transform the country, is wasted in the name of imbecile superstitions. Religion is a luxury which India, in its present condition, cannot possibly afford. India will never be free until the Hindus and the Moselms are as tepidly enthusiastic about their religions as we are about the Church of England.

Lucknow. At the end of the second day of the All India Musical Conference, I declared a strike. Accustomed to the ordinary three hour day of the European concertgoer, I found myself exhausted by the seven or eight hours of daily listening imposed on me by the makers of the Lucknow program. There was one long concert every morning, another every afternoon, a third at night. It was too much. After the second day I would not go again. Still, before I struck, I had had sixteen hours of Indian music—enough, at home, to hear all the symphonies of Beethoven, with a good sprinkling of characteristic specimens from Mozart and Bach thrown in. Sixteen hours of listening should be enough to give one at least the hang of an unfamiliar music.

Professional musicians, mostly attached to the courts of reigning princes, had come to Lucknow from every part of India. There were accomplished singers and celebrated players of every Indian instrument — including even the harmonium which, to my great astonishment and greater disgust, was permitted to snore and whine in what I was assured was the very sanctuary of Indian music. I listened to all the virtuosity of India. That it touched me less than the more modest accomplishment of the old Lahore musician was due, I think, to purely physical causes. The vina and the sitar must be heard at close quarters. All the expression and feeling that a performer puts into his playing evaporates at a distance and nothing can be heard beyond the jangle of the plucked strings. At Lahore I had been amazed by the richness and variety of the tone that came out of the old musician's sitar. At Lucknow, I was wearied by its tinkling monotony. Space had sucked the soul out of the music; it came to me dry and dead.

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and THE BOOKMAN'S "Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.

WINTER WHEAT — Almey St. John Adcock — *Doran.* A novel of remarkable promise, filled with beauty and power.

THE BLUE WINDOW — Temple Bailey — *Penn.* The farm wins in this tale of a young girl's fight for her true love as she sees it.

*EAST OF MANSION HOUSE — Thomas Burke — *Doran.* Vivid drama in the London slums he knows so well.

HANGMAN'S HOUSE — Donn Byrne — *Century.* Mr. Byrne's fine blend of mysticism, romance, and shrewd sentiment again in evidence.

*THE SILVER STALLION — James Branch Cabell — *McBride.* Another exquisite and remote romance of the mythical land of Mr. Cabell's dream.

THE SPLENDID RASCAL — George Challis — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Murderer, thief, pirate — yet so skilful is the author one cannot help liking the villain.

*MR. MOFFATT — Chester Francis Cobb — *Doran.* A young James Joyce — but with a superlative technique and a fine sense of story values.

THE TENTS OF JACOB — Hyman Cohen — *McBride.* A tiny Jewish village in the Russian pale has found a sympathetic Main Street chronicler.

CHILD OF THE NORTH — Ridgwell Cullum — *Doran.* A love story which has rare appeal and a vigorous setting.

SORRELL AND SON — Warwick Deeping — *Knopf.* The second coming of a war wreck ably and entertainingly detailed.

*AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY — Theodore Dreiser — *Boni, Liveright.* With this two volume novel the public has accepted the ong struggling realist.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* The subtle moods of the Queen of Beauty, Ltd. and Preferred.

AFTER NOON — Susan Ertz — *Appleton.* A father turns to mothering and finally finds virtue its own reward.

THE PAINTED STALLION — Hal G. Evarts — *Little, Brown.* Is it the horse or the love story that is the more fascinating?

THE HIGH ADVENTURE — Jeffery Farnol — *Little, Brown.* The road to romance again, with many a new twist and turn.

MASTERSON — Gilbert Frankau — *Harper.* A determined gentleman described by a determined author in a determined manner.

*SOUNDINGS — A. Hamilton Gibbs — *Little, Brown.* Father, daughter, and the inevitable young man, with the war period as background.

*UNCHANGING QUEST — Philip Gibbs — *Doran.* A great study of European madness and of love in various forms.

GLASS HOUSES — Eleanor Gizycka — *Minton, Balch.* A few stones thrown into Washington hothouses.

THE FOUR WINDS — Sinclair Gluck — *Dodd, Mead.* Love, detectives, and a problem: Who stole Mrs. Devine's emerald bracelet?

COUNT BRUGA — Ben Hecht — *Boni, Liveright.* The adolescent's hero gamboling and doing it rather well.

CO-ED — Olive Deane Hormel — *Scribner.* Sprightly campus capers, including young and slangy love, in Illinois — presumably Urbana.

THE OLD HOME TOWN — Rupert Hughes — *Harper.* A clean, swiftly told tale, easy to read.

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*APPASSIONATA — Fannie Hurst — *Knopf.* Religion and sex expertly mingled.

THREE KINGDOMS — Storm Jameson — *Knopf.* What, indeed, is woman's kingdom in these times which so greatly puzzle the fair sex?

THE GREAT VALLEY — Mary Johnston — *Little, Brown.* A well rounded story of pioneer days and strong love of a strong woman.

*ARROWSMITH — Sinclair Lewis — *Harcourt.* Mr. Lewis's finest achievement.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES — Anita Loos — *Boni, Liveright.* The private life of a lady whose virtue leaves no room for doubt.

*SOUNDING BRASS — Ethel E. Mannin — *Duffield.* As shrewd a novel as "Babbitt". Should be read by every man in America. (*See page 704.*)

*ODTAA — John Masefield — *Macmillan.* Glamourous adventure. Mr. Masefield's style is unique and satisfying.

HEARTS OF HICKORY — John Trotwood Moore — *Cokesbury.* Andrew Jackson cloaked in a welter of good will.

*THUNDER ON THE LEFT — Christopher Morley — *Doubleday, Page.* An adventure in poignancy — a fantasy of man's lost hopes.

THE SILK COQUETTE — Edwin Bateman Morris — *Penn.* Politics, business, the aforesaid coquette, and a hero who is either bashful or dumb or both.

*PIG IRON — Charles G. Norris — *Dutton.* The life of a man who never really finds what life is about, told with power and sympathy.

THE BLACK FLEMINGS — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* The teller of love stories at her most romantic and appealing best.

PRODIGALS OF MONTE CARLO — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* Even a straight love story he contrives to fill with shuddery thrills.

*WILD GEESE — Martha Ostenso — *Dodd, Mead.* A fine novel of the American soil.

*THE RED LEDGER — Frank L. Packard — *Doran.* His best tale in years. Rapid and exciting. (*See page 706.*)

THE PERENNIAL BACHELOR — Anne Parrish — *Harper.* Finely flavored historical realism.

THE ENEMY — Channing Pollock — *Brentano.* A novelization of Channing Pollock's popular play which will probably prove less popular.

THE BAT — Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood — *Doran.* Fascinating every step of the way, this expert novelization of the famous play.

THE SILENT SIX — Austin J. Small — *Doran.* Mystery and grotesque adventure swiftly told.

THE DICE OF GOD — Cynthia Stockley — *Putnam.* Darkest Africa is the scene of a new, ingenious version of the eternal triangle.

THE HOUNDS OF SPRING — Sylvia Thompson — *Little, Brown.* Complicated and well detailed loves of complicated post-war times as a young girl sees them.

PRECIOUS BANE — Mary Webb — *Dutton.* A story of the English downs in which beauty of language is paramount and stirs the heart.

*HERE AND BEYOND — Edith Wharton — *Appleton.* A series of finely fashioned stories by the great stylist. (*See page 645.*)

THE SILVER FOREST — Ben Ames Williams — *Dutton.* Much better than average murder mystery in the Maine woods.

BEAU GESTE — Percival Christopher Wren — *Stokes.* An adventure that has caught and held firmly the imagination of America.

*BEAU SABREUR — Percival Christopher Wren — *Stokes.* If the amazing events in this thrilling tale of the Sahara really occurred, as the preface claims, it is well that the ending is such a happy one.

ASHES OF DESIRE — Pamela Wynne — *Macaulay.* Another trousered heroine travels far from home.

THINGS GREATER THAN HE — Luciano Zúccoli — *Holt.* The study of a child, done with rare insight and understanding — a compound of delicious humor and profound tragedy.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. "The Log of the Sun" by William Beebe (Holt). One of the most charming of Mr. Beebe's studies of nature, reprinted after many years.

2. "Fan" by W. H. Hudson (Dutton). An early book by this master of English prose.

3. "The Story of a Country Town" by E. W. Howe (A. and C. Boni). One of the masterpieces of American letters in new guise.

4. "So Much Velvet" by F. P. A. (Doubleday, Page). A gay volume, one of his best, by the light verse king of America.

5. "The Monk" by Matthew G. Lewis (Brentano). A new edition in three volumes of the famous thriller of 1795.

A British Sinclair Lewis

WHEN Ethel Mannin, young English novelist, was introduced to me not long ago, I thought, "Here is a charming young person who probably writes sentimental romances." To be sure, I might have suspected from her quick thrusts of wit that I was wrong; but not until I read her current novel, "Sounding Brass" (Duffield), did I realize what a brilliant, devastating, thoroughly sophisticated young author she really is. Since "Main Street" and "Babbitt" I have read nothing so amusing, so caustic, so constantly entertaining as this novel of the advertising profession, its motives and its characters. James Rickard, founder of Premier Publicity, is a figure of gargantuan proportions. Where Sinclair Lewis pokes fun at his characters, Miss Mannin choses a more subtle method. At the end of the book, a superb final page, we are forced to admit that while Rickard is base, silly, futile, absurd, we actually like him. We are living in the age of publicity, and even more than George Babbitt does James Rickard represent the spirit of this age. He subordinates everything in life to his genius for success, success built on ability to promote his own interests and those of others. After cutting love completely from his life, he is at last overcome by love in the form of passion; but Miss Mannin is too good a psychologist to bring her hero to the last page downed by fate. Her cynical ending is finely conceived and brilliantly executed. She writes crisply and forcefully. Her pages are filled with good incident and sparkling conversation. She finishes incidents of London bohemian life with verve and a generous supply of epigram. The best thing about the story is the constant rightness of it. Her psychological understanding never flags even in the most dramatic moments, and there is much drama in the book. Here is a paragraph from the early part of the story, which gives pretty well the character of its hero-villain:

> His experience at Mrs. Wythers' was, he knew, negligible in the City of London. But he had no intention of conscientiously attending evening classes and progressing in the classic Eric manner, little by little. At no time of his life did Jim Rickard ever belong to the class of earnest young men who attend evening school and take correspondence courses and study Emerson and Dr. Crane with a view to attaining a modest ultimate success. He did not want that kind of success which has its climax in five or six hundred a year and a pension. His dreams were of a showy spectacular

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sort of success that, if it happened at all, happened quickly and on a lavish scale. He was impatient always of the small secure success which is the mild reward of much labour. He did not mind working hard, but he wanted something for it. That was why he came to London, because it represented for him the city of opportunity.

Reading Poetry for One Thing or Another

INTERPRETERS of poets to people: Harriet Monroe and Marguerite Wilkinson. Poets, too, both of them. These estimable ladies have spent, and well spent, their lives finding what it is in poems that the public finds palatable, and then telling the public what it should do with poets and their poems. The American Library Association as a part of its "Reading with a Purpose" series offers Mrs. Wilkinson's "The Poetry of Our Own Times". It is an excellent little handbook, as indeed are all those in this series, though the title to me has always been a bugbear. I'm all for "reading for pleasure", and let profit come where it will. However, we are a purposeful people, so let's ensnare the purposeful ones and let them get a little pleasure by the way. The following paragraph, although somewhat obvious, seems to me worth recording:

> When we think of the literature of our own country, many more names come up for consideration. The amazing thing about the poetry of our period in the United States is the amount of it. The interesting thing to notice is the variety of it. This is healthy and to be expected. For our poets are inheritors from many traditions, from the Orient, from France, and from other countries, as well as from England. Moreover, our poets have a wide experience of life, an almost unrivaled opportunity to know and study many kinds of people. The danger for us is that they may sacrifice *depth* of thought and feeling to this wide knowledge, or beauty to the desire to be thought "interesting". Much of what is known as the contemporary poetry of our America suffers in just these ways.

Miss Monroe has always taken poetry with utter seriousness. She has introduced to the American public some of our best known versifiers. She has printed her magazine through many struggles and maintained its standard. Her new book, "Poets and Their Art" (Macmillan), contains a great deal of well written information about poets here and there, backward and forward. Critically I find myself insistently disagreeing with Miss Monroe, but her opinions are nevertheless stimulating. Only occasionally when she arrives at a peak of dogmatism do I find them irritating. But after all, she has studied poetry long enough so that she has a right to be dogmatic. Besides, the American public likes to be told what is what.

Mr. Beebe's Latest Cruise

WITH each new book William Beebe's place as the figurehead of romantic travel becomes more assured. He is the pivot around which we build our hopes of far flung discovery and exploit. "The Arcturus Adventure" (Putnam) is not his best book, but it is a good one. It is the story of the already famous trip to the Sargasso Sea. In it the sea personalities, flora and fauna, are given their usual glamourous place, and the whole narrative is illuminated by Mr. Beebe's exquisite style, ably augmented by Ruth Rose. There are no travel books quite like these, and the scientist is always soundly back of the romancer. To be sure, one thing about the volume amused me. In the introduction, Mr. Beebe lists "among the totally unexpected and inestimably valuable phe-

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nomena — the high lights of the expedition", "the discovery in New York of a dramatic personage who had sought pirate treasure on Cocos Island for two decades". Well, it may have been a discovery for Mr. Beebe, but what seems like many years ago to me a young reporter was assigned the task of interviewing Captain Gissler for the Sunday "World" Magazine. He enjoyed the assignment hugely, and his story of Cocos Island and the genial captain may be found occupying a page in the files of that publication. However, Ruth Rose tells this story with drama and charm, and she has the advantage of knowing the ground, for she has visited this far famed treasure trove. While Mr. Beebe continues traveling and writing, I presume I shall go on commending his books to you. They are better than most novels. They are refreshing and exciting. He is one of the most unusual personalities of his age — a sort of Thoreau of the jungle with an instinct for publicity.

Professor Phelps and His Prejudices

AS long as I live and he writes, I hope I shall never recover from my joy in Professor Phelps's digressions. Such a paragraph as the following from his new volume in the "As I Like It" succession (Scribner) is priceless:

> Men, women, and children are interested in clothes. There has been no greater advance in comfort than in men's garments. I wear low shoes the year round, and, except in formal evening attire, I have not worn a stiff shirt for twenty years. The advance of civilization is shown mainly in the discarding of superfluous and therefore troublesome garments, by both sexes. And a good thing it is. The human body in the temperate zone is freer than ever before.

Professor Phelps is the sentimental traveler among ideas. He is the enthusiast, the moralist, the now flowery, now admonishing, critic. He lives among books as many people live among people. But he also lives among people, and is always aware of his surroundings and of himself in those surroundings. His greatest fault is that he is living in an age of pessimism, where his incurable optimism seems out of place; but he has a great and loyal following.

A First Rate Adventure

THERE is no living writer of adventure stories who can excel Frank Packard at his most excellent. "The Red Ledger" (Doran) from first to last is exciting and, best of all, believable. Mr. Packard has permitted himself no thrills for the sake of the thrill. He has carefully documented his narrative. His characters are fascinating, unusual, but real. His love story is not merely pasted onto the fabric of his mystery for the sake of catching the emotions of the lovelorn. I think that not since Jimmie Dale has he created a character more picturesque than old Charlebois, or a hero more lovable than Stranway.

This book is written with vigor and charm. I picked it up one evening and read until the final page. Climax is piled on climax, and the interest never drops. So exceedingly rare is a first class adventure with a touch of mystery and an honestly interesting love story, that I recommend this one most heartily to you. Frank Packard has sometimes been called a "man's author"; but I cannot imagine anyone, man, woman or child, who likes a thrilling tale, failing to find enjoyment in "The Red Ledger".

— *J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

MR. GUEDALLA PURSUES A SHY LADY

By Dorothea Lawrance Mann

REVERENCE is not a modern virtue. So often it does not seem compatible with truth. And truth — no matter in what strange guises you find her — is the elusive lady to whom our modern historians do homage. Possibly it is her elusiveness which makes men like Mr. Guedalla find her worth a lifetime of pursuit. Your truth and my truth — British truth and American truth — is there or is there not a truth behind them which is not colored by the personal attributes of the man or woman who looks upon it?

Like paternity, history is a hit or miss matter. It is a discerning father who is able to identify his own child, but it would require superhuman intelligence for a leader to foresee the result of any act of his a hundred years hence. History is plotted far less carefully than fiction. History used to be considered a pageant. Now it has become a long series of problems in psychology, no two of them alike — a series of problems of behavior not only of individuals but also of crowds. It would be a perfectly natural thing to prefer the old idea of the American Revolution with a bloody tyrant on his throne — I have never been able to discover whether that phrase is profanity or literal description — and a host of scarlet clad soldiers, the pick of the British Army, fleeing before the ragged Continentals whom George Washington had trained. Have you ever noticed that the Continentals were always combating the flower of the British Army — that is if you learned your history in the United States? And yet how much more intriguing it is to think that after Franklin became popular at Versailles the bloody tyrant took down Franklin's lightning rod from the Queen's House and substituted one of another make. The childishness of the fathers of history is so appealing!

If a man could know what he was starting, would he not in most cases prefer to jump off Brooklyn Bridge? Paternity is so often less casual than unexpected. Washington, Franklin, and Hamilton were apparently quite ready to sponsor great events. Yet what great events would have ensued had not George III become interested in a book on the divine right of kings, and had not Lord North in advance of Abraham Lincoln pronounced that no part of the state had the right to sever its connection with the state at will? Even then, had George III proved an Edward I or Lord North an Iron Duke, how different the story might have been! How everlastingly important is that incalculable element of chance! It makes fiction seem a mathematical problem in comparison. Imagine the terrible light of understanding which must dawn on those so similar faces of King George and his minister, could they sail up New York harbor today, and realize how penny wise they were in that matter of the tea.

Statues, according to Mr. Guedalla, are never placed where they belong. There should be a statue of Lord North in every American city to celebrate the part he played in making the thirteen

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colonies into a nation. Instead, for some of the same principles which gave Lincoln immortality, he has been execrated by generations of American schoolboys, and ignored by British ones, for he is "one of the few Tory statesmen for whom a club at Oxford has never yet been named".

Mr. Guedalla pursues a shy lady called truth. During the chase he comes to decide that most of what is known of the Revolution on both sides of the Atlantic is folklore. It is as idle to consider that very British gentleman Washington a dangerous revolutionary as it is to think of Lord North as an Alva, or George III as a Nero. Between the brass bands and the centenaries on the one hand, and the little busybodies with their microscopes and stove black on the other, the shy lady has had a hard time of it. And she has strange stories to tell!

"Fathers of the Revolution" ranks as an important contribution to history. Mr. Guedalla is a brilliant phrase maker, but he is also a searching student. How different from the conventional figures of history are these which emerge from his pen! He is a broad minded man. He allows the Revolution twelve fathers, six of whom are British, two French, and four American. Together they accomplished the prestidigitator's trick of producing two nations where only one had been.

The shy lady truth leads Mr. Guedalla into queer places and brings him to devastating conclusions. Every realist, he confesses, would be the better for a taste of reality, and the biographer would have his eyes opened could he be left for even an hour in the presence of his subject. "A few years of writing, a few more of reading and a spell of politics" leave an author wondering what has become of the hero legend. Where are the Great Men gone? We have believed so long in the cult of the Great Man, that the perplexed historian has acquired the habit of producing one to cover his dilemma. Even more than in the searching biographies we find Mr. Guedalla himself revealed in his epilogue — "A Footnote on Greatness". It is there, pondering on the anonymity of great historical movements, that he suggests that the Unknown Soldier has a double symbolism. Mr. Guedalla is often brilliant but never glib. He prefers to suggest rather than to propound that no one man is great enough to father a great age, to begin or to end a revolution. He offers us the symbolic number of twelve fathers, and he leaves us to our own deductions — as wise historians should.

Fathers of the Revolution. By Philip Guedalla. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

SENTIMENTAL BIOGRAPHY

By Jacob Zeitlin

IT is very seldom that one learns anything significant concerning a man of genius from his nearest kin — unless, indeed, there exists some antagonism to sharpen the critical intelligence of the observer. Where there is a boundless and trusting love no illuminating detachment is to be expected. The circumstances of Mme. Dostoevsky's relations with her husband were not favorable to truthful biography. An active and ambitious girl of twenty, she met Dostoevsky when he was already famous as the author of "Crime and Punishment". Though he was twenty five years her senior, a widower, a sufferer from epilepsy, and sinking under a load of debt, she married him without hesitation. To escape creditors and in the hope of benefiting

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Dostoevsky's health the couple went to Germany, where the devotion of the young wife was very promptly put to the test. Dostoevsky fell a victim to his passion for roulette and could not rest till he had gambled away every franc and pawned every article of the least value, including even the garments of his wife. Her patience and tenderness and forgiveness, her indulgence of his insane craving, could not have been surpassed by a mediæval Griselda. The details of this episode are very significant for the life of the man who had just finished writing "The Gambler", and they reveal the painful absence of a controlling will which one associates with all the characters of his novels. But we owe these revelations primarily to chance. They are found in a diary which Mme. Dostoevsky kept during the first few months of the German sojourn, describing in simple but circumstantial fashion each trip of her husband to the casino and his behavior after winnings and losses. It is a depressing and sordid record, except for the unwearying expressions of the diarist's faith in the fineness and lovableness of her husband. Had Mme. Dostoevsky kept such a record during all the fourteen years of her married life, her contribution to the biography of the great Russian novelist would have been of unique importance. What she actually chose to do was something very different. Having, during his life, used her practical sense to regulate her husband's affairs, she constituted herself, after his death, the guardian of his fame. She organized a special department in the Moscow Historical Museum, collected there all the manuscripts pertaining to her husband's writings, compiled an exhaustive bibliography, and edited his works. In her last years she began composing the reminiscences which form the bulk of the volume under review.

The content and the tone of these reminiscences is determined by more than forty years of concentrated veneration and by a certain reflected glory with which the writer felt herself gradually becoming invested. It is striking, at any rate, that the author's wife is more frequently in the foreground than the author himself. The information we get in the reminiscences concerns such things as Mme. Dostoevsky's first acquaintance with her husband when, in a professional capacity, she was taking down one of his novels in shorthand; the way in which the novelist wooed and proposed; his exhibitions of love and jealousy; and the supervision she exercised over all the practical details of his existence. Doubtless she played an important part in his happiness and was responsible for the comparative peace of his later years, his liberation from the obsession of gaming, and the ultimate discharge of his debts. It was an accomplishment with which the lady might well feel satisfied, but the story affords a better portrait of herself than of her husband.

The inadequacy of the reminiscences as portraiture is brought into relief by certain documents which the editor inserted, probably with the intention of guarding the reader against mistaken views. There are several letters bearing on Dostoevsky's relations with Turgenev, which give a much truer impression than does his wife's account of the causes of his dislike. It is not hard to see how the great gentleman and aristocrat in Turgenev and his moral poise aroused a kind of impotent rage in the tormented self conceit of Dostoevsky. More telling still are some letters between Nicolay Strakhov and Tolstoy. Strakhov, we are told,

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"was one of the most distinguished Russian literary critics, a real scholar, a man of strict honor and integrity, ever helpful to others, and deeply respected by all". Having been chosen, because of his intimate acquaintance with Dostoevsky, to write the official memoir, he performed the task as well as the conditions allowed, but his real feelings he vented in a letter to Tolstoy which was not published till thirty years later. All the time that he was writing the biography, Strakhov tells Tolstoy, he struggled with the disgust that kept rising in him — the same sensation evidently as was experienced by at least one biographer of Poe. Dostoevsky, he says, "was spiteful, envious, lewd. . . . He was drawn to abominations and he boasted of them. . . . Essentially indeed all his novels are a self-justification; they prove that there may live in man alongside of nobility all kinds of abominations. . . . He was a truly unhappy and wicked man who imagined himself happy, a hero, and loved tenderly himself alone." This is very unpleasant and it may not contain the entire truth, but it has the merit of resembling the man who wrote "The Possessed" and "Brothers Karamazov" much more closely than the sentimental features portrayed in the reminiscences of Mme. Dostoevsky.

Dostoevsky Portrayed by his Wife. The Diary and Reminiscences of Mme. Dostoevsky. *Translated from the Russian* and edited by S. S. Koteliansky. E. P. Dutton and Company.

KENTUCKY TALES

By George Philip Krapp

NO doubt Adam told tall tales to Eve in the Garden of Eden — or in view of the serpent, perhaps Eve began it. Such tales are elemental manifestations of folk psychology to be found in every age and in every clime. In America they have long flourished, and with unusual luxuriance. From the very beginning the earliest travelers' accounts that went back to Europe contained admirable examples of hyperbolic narrative, stories of rivers of wine naturally made from the grapes that fell from the vines, mingling with the spices that fell from the trees, and of other like marvels. Perhaps these earlier tales are explainable in terms of Elizabethan imaginative exuberance, assisted sometimes, one suspects, by the enthusiasms of seventeenth century real estate speculation.

From "Tall Tales"

In later days the tall tale has flourished best in less sophisticated settings. It has always followed the frontier, and pioneers of the Davy Crockett type were experts in the practice of it. The choicest current examples are to be found in places where something of the pioneer spirit survives, as in lumber camps from Maine to Oregon, the home of the gargantuan Paul Bunyan who has become the eponymous hero of a great and growing cycle of tales. And of course one could not fail to find tall tales together with blood feuds, antique speech, and other quaint sur-

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vivals in the Kentucky mountains, where Mr. MacKaye has gathered the admirable specimens in his volume.

Mr. MacKaye's tall tales differ from those of previous collectors in that he is the first to look at these popular extravaganzas through the eyes of a poet. Others have regarded them as folklore or as material for humorous anecdote, but Mr. MacKaye's method is more selective. Out of the abundance of material which he must have had at his command, he has limited himself to twelve tales for the exercise of his art. And the reader soon realizes that art and nature are intimately combined in these narratives. No one can doubt that Mr. MacKaye actually heard the substance of these tales from the lips of mountaineers, that they are all shore-to-goodness gospel. But he heard them as an artist hears things — and as others would they could — purged of their native imperfections. It would be absurd, therefore, to look for folklore where one can find something so much better. The mountain speech in which the tales are phrased is likewise a language that has been sublimated in Mr. MacKaye's alembic and, so to say, deodorized. The talk of the mountaineer in its native vigor is strong as well as tall, though the mountaineer has also a degree of modesty which leads him to put a check upon his epithets when offense might be taken.

Grotesque and impossible though they are, the thing that stands out most distinctly in Mr. MacKaye's tales is the firm, direct reality of them. It is of course part of the art of the tall tale that impossibilities must be narrated without the quiver of an eyelid. And popular literature often retains that vivid sense of the things of the concrete world which is the gift of those who dwell close to the simple human experiences. Both of these characteristics are marks of the authenticity of the "Tall Tales", and in their simple realism lies the chief poetic charm of the narratives. The tales, even at their wildest, move among such undoubted evidences of an existing Kentucky as gum trees and chop stumps, goosefeather beds and razorbacks, wildcats and crow birds, smokehouses and sorghum barrels, coons by the bushel, corn pone and bean coffee, with now and then "a razzle o' dead leaves in a whirl storm" to show that even simple realities can be poetically described. But the scene is not always photographic. When the story teller in the tale of the pick-tooth sets out to describe an ice storm, he does his work so thoroughly that he creates an entirely new Kentucky, the frozindest slickest Kentucky that anyone could imagine. A contrasting picture is that

"From Tall Tales"

of the Gret Droughth, the hottest, dryuppedest, dog-dayest time in the world, when "God couldn't squeeze a song outen a mipkin lesser than a squawk".

Are these tales a form of escape? The mountaineer is probably not very amusing to himself. Whether he knows it or not, he is the victim of a

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merciless tyranny, the tyranny of weather, crops, cattle, food and shelter, a monotonous round of inescapable daily necessities. Is it any wonder that he should turn from these dull realities to a world of extravagant fancy of his own creation? Or perhaps the wonder is rather that he should have energy enough left to make such daring escapes as he has in these tales.

Tall Tales of the Kentucky Mountains. By Percy MacKaye. Decorations by E. MacKinstry. George H. Doran Company.

COMPARATIVE CIVILIZATIONS

By Woodbridge Riley

THE question "What is civilization?" is like the question "What is art?" The claims that are made severally for ancient, mediæval, or modern societies are as fatuous as the claims made for this or that school of painting. The volume to which this question gives its name might be looked at as a set of pictures, a gallery of views, each differing from the other, yet each having its excellences and defects. As Ralph Cram says in his chapter, entitled "The Answer of the Middle Ages", there is a connotation of impertinence in the effort of any one man to answer such a question, particularly within the limits of a magazine article. In his case he confesses that the temptation is great to "claim everything", and the very variety of the mediæval expression is an added incentive. The same thing was true in the case of the Renaissance, which even now is considered by a certain "Old Guard" to represent all there is in life of praiseworthy and august; it held in the case of the Reformation; it held in the case of modern civilization until the war, and even more the ensuing "peace", brought certain unwelcome revisions of judgment.

In this series of articles from "The Forum" we have before us a collection of pictures undeniably brilliant. They are not old masters but contemporary masters portraying the charms and virtues of the past. So there arises a certain air of the pseudo archaic, with a lack of the characteristic roughnesses of the genuine antique. Thus the Age of Pericles is presented without Attica's crude popular superstitions and its callousness toward the slave. China, in turn, is described as calmly contemplative and pacifist, with but scant reference to her early conquests and to such a bloody affair as the Tai-ping rebellion, with its mortality thrice that of our Civil War. So with India a certain irritation arises when vast claims are made for her contributions to pure science. From her, it is true, we gained the decimal system, but the modern historians of mathematics do not think much of her contributions to algebra. The Hindu, when lacking precise data, is apt to have recourse to generalizations and vague traditions, as when the author says that the development of mathematics in South India, subsequent to the twelfth century, awaits further research. Similarly, in "The Answer of Africa" Dr. Du Bois refers to Roman historians who tell us that the blacks conceive themselves to be of greater antiquity than any other nation. They suppose themselves also to be the inventors of divine worship, of festivals, of solemn assemblies, of sacrifices, and of every religious practice. They affirm that the Egyptians constitute one of their colonies. All this leaves out the fact that the "divine worship" was mainly

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fetishism and the "sacrifices" largely human. The African fetish is indeed spoken of as a primitive philosophy of life, but to call it a "spiritual" explanation would imply that it is a kind of idealism, instead of a gross Voodooism. In spite of such special pleading the writer makes the strong point that out of Africa and out of the soul of the black folk came rhythm and music. He refers to Harry Burleigh and the tomtom in O'Neill's "Emperor Jones", and might well have added the Hampton singers and the haunting airs borrowed by Dvorak in the "New World" Symphony.

It is easy to make criticisms and to point out omissions, but perhaps the various authors should be allowed to criticize each other. Thus Paul Shorey presumes that Mr. Cram would not put up at a thirteenth century hostelry, if any survived in the vicinity of Rheims or Chartres, and that the author of "The Answer of India", who on his return to his native land was "deeply pained" to see taxicabs and Ford trucks, when he wanted to catch a train in Calcutta probably telephoned for a taxi instead of clapping his hands and bidding the *Khitmatgar* order the *mahout* to put the *howdah* on the elephant.

Maurice Maeterlinck's two chapters on Ancient Egypt are the most critical in this book, since they point out the paradoxes that exist in any civilization. In that of the Nile he describes the art as barbarous and exquisitely cultivated, massive, absolute, stupendous, yet logical in its apparent illogicality. He calls attention to tiny masterpieces in wood, stone, and metal representing scribes, bakers, kings and queens; yet, side by side with these, quantities of objects that are hideous, stupid, childish, especially the furniture of poor Tutankhamen, the crazy bricabrac of an auctioneer's nightmare—chests that look like milliners' bandboxes, chariots of war that might serve as creaky perambulators.

After all these "answers" which, with the exception of the Belgian writer's, claim so much for the civilizations of the Old World, there comes an astonishing chapter on ancient America by Herbert Spinden, explorer of Yucatan. This account furnishes a perfect eye opener to the complacent present day American who has so long looked upon the Indian as a mere savage. In defense of utilitarianism the writer declares that actually such things as the domestication and upbreeding of plants and animals across the thankless years, or the perfection of machines and processes, may be no less intellectual than the carving of non-existent gods in marble or the refining, by logical formulæ, of philosophy that had its birth in an erroneous pattern of the universe. The present economic consequences of the nuclear civilization of ancient America are incalculably vast. About four sevenths of our total agricultural wealth is the gift of the American Indian. This amounts in the best years to more than eight billion dollars.

In harmony with this kind of argument, the author of "Saturated Civilization" contrasts past cultural civilizations forming an intellectual aristocracy with modern intellectual democracies, the chief factors of which are the common people and the influences which spread to the lowest social strata. Still he points out that new mechanical agencies, however effective they may be in their operation, can neither prolong industrial civilization, nor can they prevent its decline, because the course of human progress has to obey the laws of rhythm, of progression and retrogression. The

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author here employs the outworn theory of Vico's cycles, but at once modifies it by the statement that it does not follow that the recession reaches the former low level, for the increased knowledge and experience are not entirely obliterated, and a certain stage of the advance is retained and maintained, thus serving as a stepping stone to the next advance in the march of the human race.

The title of this book, then, should be not "Saturated" but "Creative Civilization", for it is granted that labor's elevation is not a movement in which rise and fall alternate in rhythmic order within fixed limits, but that since the last quarter of the nineteenth century it forms a slow evolutionary process of gradual stages of progress. The thesis of saturation is further belied by such statements as that minimum exertion and low productivity form a widely practised labor trend in all civilized countries, for example in the "ca' canny" policy of the British labor unions; and that in most civilized countries laws have been enacted insuring the laborer and his family, chiefly at the expense of the state and the employer. In contrast with these restrictive forces the author definitely declares that greatly as mechanical devices at one time disturbed the economic stability of the laborer, they are creating for him new and greater opportunities through the expansion of the old industries and the vast chain of new industries to which mechanical power has given birth; that while the modern tendency is toward more ease and less exertion, there is enormous recuperative power in human nature even after great wars; that every important mechanical invention stimulates further inventive efforts and starts a chain of auxiliary and competitive inventions.

This picture of the present age might be contrasted with Mr. Cram's advocacy of mediævalism. Modern civilization, says Mr. Mendelsohn, may have a strong materialistic tendency; nevertheless it is not a soulless creation without high ideals and achievements. The so called materialism of the present age is accompanied by a powerful wave of social justice and humanitarian spirit which in point of concrete achievements has no parallel in history. Universal suffrage, compulsory education, and trade unionism have transformed labor from a mere physical force to the most powerful human element. In "Saturated Civilization" "the dreary science", economics, is made highly interesting by a lively style and concrete illustrations. Lothrop Stoddard's "Scientific Humanism", in marked contrast, is so vague and general in its statements as to lead nowhere. The author declares that there is no basic reason why changes in the political or social field may not be envisaged in the same way as changes in the field of abstract science, but he makes no connection between protons, electrons, and the so called fourth dimension time, and the problems of humanity. We are told that man has not yet demonstrated that he can remain permanently civilized, but the reason for this is not given. It is said that intelligence is biologically unstable and subject to easy retrogression, hence humanity's watchwords must be "No Surrender" and "Carry On". In fine, this book appears to be a combination of vague scientific warnings and uplifting wall mottoes.

What is Civilization? By Maurice Maeterlinck and Others. Duffield and Company.

Saturated Civilization. By Sigmund Mendelsohn. The Macmillan Company.

Scientific Humanism. By Lothrop Stoddard. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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LIFE IN THE BIG CITIES

By Lillian B. Gilkes

THERE was once a devil they say who, having laid siege to the flesh of a notorious saint, nearly died of disappointment at his failure to make a breach in the theology of the saint. Alas! the devil behaved with no more originality in Christ's time than do the real estate agents who today assure us, from flamboyant signboards adorning our highways, of metropolitan futures for unheard of hamlets, beside which the original hope of heaven may survive as but a sorry prospect. In the towns today they hanker for the noise and externals of the great city; and in the cities, where there are noise and externals in abundance, the individuals who have already achieved their urban fortunes and got tired of them now borrow for their sumptuous manors and restricted suburbs the fabled semblance of the village green. So, apparently, in this scheme of things no man either attains what he desires or desires what he gets, and the resultant toot and scramble is never settled except in print.

Charles Downing Lay, writing of freedom in the city, is convinced that liberty is to be enjoyed nowhere but in partnership with the multitude — multitudes of factory and office tenants ministering industrially to one another's needs; multitudes of "warm, pleasant" subways to convey people comfortably, in the minimum of time, to and from places of business or diversion and back again to other multitudes of fireproof dwellings concentrated skyward. Assuredly the advantages of the city do lie in its concentration. Culture, and educational advancement, have ever come from the free contact and mutual stimulation of large congregations of mankind. But when the rear of one's habitation in the city looks out in alley proximity upon establishments where garments, destined eventually to flash forth from Sixth Avenue bargain windows, are manufactured in bulk; when neighbors above, below, and round about loathe one for possession of a typewriter or a violin and one returns the compliment in respect of their jazz — who shall say the pressure of one's neighbor is a source either of benefit or joy? Mr. Lay's discussion of this city life is informative and statistical; at the same time, a little remote from the actual conditions. With the assured eye of an architect accustomed to steel and timber treatment of problems of form, he measures the opportunities of modern convenience, health, pleasure, and creativeness to be derived from city life. Some of his statements, intended to be regarded as facts, are a little strangely unqualified.

Walter Prichard Eaton, in extolling the bucolic, has achieved a charming little volume which ought to be enjoyed for its own sake, beyond the point of discussion. When one is given a glimpse of a small red brick house, retired romantically among Norway pines, a little way from the rural street — when the whitening seclusion of winter, and the first sparkling indications of spring, are so sensitively rendered into prose — what remains for argument? No doubt, Mr. Eaton is right in his conclusion: "When everything is said, it is not riches, but a richer life, that all of us want, even when we do not know it." It is a love of nature or the absence of such feeling that directs us to seek this form of spiritual wealth among the city mass, or to look for it in the green tranquillity of the country. As is the case when we read Schopenhauer and forthwith retire into philosophic seclusion, it is important to have had experience of living close to people beforehand, otherwise we miss the philosophy alto-

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gether — so, withdrawal to imbibe serenity along with rich leisure and the mellow odors of the country presupposes, first, an urban disillusionment.

In "My New York", Mrs. Wright is able to evoke a warm and transfiguring tradition looking back upon those sober far days when the row of frame houses in West Eleventh Street, with grilled fronts like the artificial forelocks of ladies of 1860, were the especial pride of the first Mr. Rhinelander; when George Bancroft resided in Tenth Street; when riding on the "L" was a unique and fearful experience; when most of the region north of Forty Second Street was open country. Mrs. Wright carries the birthmark of her generation in an inclination to treacle moments of sentimental mulling over home influences and William Cullen Bryant. Such moments are happily few enough not to drown out the sturdier perception, the humor and notable charm of the book.

It requires a desperate optimism to enable one to grow up with a newly spaded city like Chicago and admire the plaster and bricks in rapid evolution into skyscrapers. Louise de Koven Bowen seems never to have failed in discovery of the silver lining behind every moment of despair, when hospital boards under her direction indulged in clandestine games of politics and charity boards ran out of funds. Mrs. Bowen's "Growing Up with a City" is a scrupulous record of a giant exercise of the sanguine spirit in the cause of social betterment. So close to facts the record sticks that all comment upon the scene of human distress is omitted from its pages, and it leaves one with half an impression of a bewildering number of organizations — of human sentiment effectually smashed, like a bug under a stone, by organization. A most terrifying book!

What is the home town mind, anyway? Fundamentalism — the Ku Klux Klan — a vicious and malignantly bloated inertia in politics — complete reliance upon platitudes and slogans to do the work of independent thinking — such mental petrifaction as we had known about long before the last two decades. Religion as a form of escape into backbiting via the ego, when actual experience in times of social uncertainty does not permit that organ to inflate itself so easily otherwise, was resorted to rather freely several hundreds of years prior to the Scopes trial. Duncan Aikman has an astute observer's flair for defining the several phenomena of the home town mind, combined with humor and a perfectly astonishing flow of shock dealing phrases that spurt from his pages like live fish from a kettle. The home town mind is not a segregated mentality. On the contrary, it is to be found in quantity upon the outskirts and distributed over large areas of Manhattan. It is perhaps a very peculiar species of hardened membrane offering resistance to upsetting stimuli, not unlike the outer covering of the snail.

The Freedom of the City. By Charles Downing Lay. Duffield and Company.
A Bucolic Attitude. By Walter Prichard Eaton. Duffield and Company.
My New York. By Mabel Osgood Wright. The Macmillan Company.
Growing Up with a City. By Louise de Koven Bowen. The Macmillan Company.
The Home Town Mind. By Duncan Aikman. Minton, Balch and Company.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

DE mortuis nil nisi hokum" too often has been the motto of biographers of the James brothers of Missouri. Robertus Love sets down naught in malice, yet seeks not to extenuate in his entertaining "The Rise and Fall of Jesse James" (Putnam). In a word, here is an unsentimental though by no means unsympathetic account, based upon research, of the notorious border bandit, together with much news appertaining to his brother Frank, to Cole Younger, and to a score of other hard riding and straight shooting outlaws, bank and train robbers, and occasional murderers. "Jesse James was a good boy", says Mr. Love, without attempting to conceal the fact that the blue eyed youth grew gradually and considerably worse. For that matter, who may deny a certain measure of plausibility to the contention of his friends that "he was drove to it"? The volume is dedicated to "Mr. H. L. Mencken, the Jesse James of American Letters". How come?

One need harbor no consuming passion for metaphysics — the author quotes Michelet's definition of it as "the art of befuddling one's self methodically" — or for its exasperating offspring, epistemology, to find rare joy in Will Durant's "The Story of Philosophy" (Simon, Schuster). Logic, æsthetics, ethics, and politics are another matter. They may be thrilling to the general when, as here, they are treated not in their "shrivelled abstractions and formality", but with regard to their human interest and use as the studies respectively of method in thinking, of beauty, of conduct, and of social organization. Dr. Durant's outline includes not only lucid explanations of the great philosophies, but the careers of the philosophers and interpretations based upon the twofold view, together with a host of good tales and merry quips by and about famous scholars from Socrates to Professor John Dewey.

It is refreshing to come upon a book entitled "How to Write a Short Story" (Holt) that deals frankly with the commercial type of magazine fiction. After all, the few geniuses that are squeezed out of each age do not need a course of six lessons to master the *art* of the short story. But that great mass of really sincere writers who have ideas capable of being turned into stories that will sell, can take up this little book by Michael Joseph and read it with profit. Its advice is practical to the point of being blunt. It contains some excellent "don'ts" that should gladden the eye of any magazine editor.

W. R. H. Trowbridge, in "Cagliostro" (Brentano), denies that his biography is an attempt to "whitewash" history's super-charlatan. Yet he does make out a case for the picturesque rogue and swindler, though hardly to the extent of justifying the publisher in dramatically asking on the jacket blurb: "Knave or martyr — which?" A garishly colorful personality is vividly projected against the garishly colorful background of the century when living was cultivated as a fine art. There is not a dry page in the volume.

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Many a reader, incidentally, will be struck by the basic sameness of the methods used by the eighteenth century occultist faker, "Nature's unfortunate child", and his twentieth century successors. It is gratifying to find that a book which claims to be the first complete Cagliostro biography in English should be so eminently readable.

In his history of American penology, "The Repression of Crime" (Doran), Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes analyzes the evolution of prison systems and reforms from early Colonial times down to the present, and traces the gradual ascendancy of modern science in the administration of penal institutions and in the regulation of the inmates' lives. He strongly emphasizes the immense aid of medical psychology in clarifying problems of criminal mentality, and is equally insistent upon the necessity of further advances in beneficial, as against embittering and destructive, restraint of offenders. The work is a masterly and exhaustive treatment which may be unreservedly commended to the student of sociology, the criminologist, the lawyer, and the general follower of serious books.

The Sitwell family has been marked by a vigor of opinion that has colored much of the thinking of the so called modernist groups in America, both in poetry and in criticism. In her little book "Poetry and Criticism" (Holt) Edith Sitwell revives the old plaint against the conservative or the half baked critic who is unable to come abreast of the forerunners in any poetical movement. She does a thorough job of it, pointing out, with appropriate quotations, how the critics would have silenced the singing of Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth. And she continues to point out how they would silence those poets today who have broken rank and run ahead of the procession. By quoting from her own verse and from the writings of Gertrude Stein, she tries to show what the innovators are doing. It is a clear, interesting defense. But when she says, "The question of the making of abstract patterns is far more important at this time than any question of whether free verse is on as high a level as other forms of verse", we are tempted to ask, "Important to whom?"

Anatole France's death motived some admirable brief biographies and summaries of his life and works and, in particular, called attention to the standard English edition of his collective output. Now comes "Anatole France at Home" (Adelphi) by Marcel Le Goff, translated from the French by Laura Riding Gottschalk. Anatole France already is too definitely placed in contemporary opinion to wake hopes of startling discoveries regarding him. And the author frankly says that "the only merit claimed for the stories and talks in this book" (they date from 1914 on) "is their sincerity". At the same time, he is over-modest. Nearly all that France had to say (as well as what he wrote) was interesting, vivid, witty, subtle. And though it necessarily makes a somewhat disjointed, piecemeal impression, "Anatole France at Home" is eminently readable and worth reading. One of the choicest bits, incidentally, is a disrespectfully humorous "interview" between France and the late President Roosevelt.

Rosalie Caden Evans was murdered by an agrarian mob ("the law of the land") not sixty miles from the City of Mexico, after an attempt, indomitable

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and single handed, to win back her own holdings. "The Rosalie Evans Letters from Mexico" (Bobbs-Merrill), now given to the world, read like the pages from a fictional thriller staged in mediæval Europe. Through all the "sound and fury" which is the tale south of our border today, there shines forth the unique and complex personality that was Rosalie Evans. She was sensitive, brilliant, gifted; and spiritual to the degree of mysticism. Full of the abiding joy of the classics, she called herself a Fielding heroine, and could valiantly write, " . . . though Rome burns, I will read poetry and drama."

Reading J. W. Mackail's "Studies of English Poets" (Longmans, Green) is like listening to the lectures of a lovable and scholarly college professor. The studies are widely diverse as to subject: one goes from a paper on Shakespeare to one on Pope, from Collins to Keats, from William Morris to Swinburne and Tennyson. The book is not so much a survey of the whole field of English poetry as it is a beguiling hand which leads us onto fragrant and intriguing bypaths too little known or explored. It would be superfluous to commend the scholarship of the "studies"; we need only point out here that the author's humanity and understanding warms throughout what might have been a coldly technical disquisition.

Ripples from the pebbles cast by Isaac Goldberg's "Havelock Ellis" (Simon, Schuster) will touch many shores and stimulate a new interest in the life and works of the man to whom modern thinkers owe and wholeheartedly pay tribute. With its interspersed and added miscellany of hitherto unpublished material, its chapters about Edith (Mrs.) Ellis and her writings, and the analyses of Ellis's attitudes, deductions, and scientific-mystic balance, the book is somehow a many-lined hazy sketch — a comprehensible and engaging enough picture, but not a Sargent canvas to arrest and definitely reveal. In this survey, Dr. Goldberg has preferred to present the æsthetic gestures of the Havelock Ellis who so intuitively knew the Fine Art of Living — the gestures of the author of "The Dance of Life" — rather than chart a clinical report of the travail that produced "Studies in the Psychology of Sex".

Floyd Dell calls his remarkably penetrating little book, "Intellectual Vagabondage" (Doran), an "Apology for the Intelligentsia". It occurs to us that the intelligentsia in its own eyes doesn't need an apology, since it has got on tolerably well without one through a pretty disheartening succession of trying decades. To tell the truth about oneself and one's contemporaries is a procedure to which even an intellectualized society ordinarily refuses sanction, on grounds that therapeutic self exposure is boring if not wrongly derogatory. There is matter here to cause the modern reader to sit up and take notice, with salt to make the facts go down. With what mental relish the modern reader will receive the news that the most respectable among the highbrow members of his shell shocked society do not *want* life interpreted in terms of harmony and meaning — lest such an explanation cast upon them a reflection for failure to undertake the tasks of reconstruction — we wish we might foresee! Moreover, some of us are not capable of Mr. Dell's optimism with respect to the coming generation, for we see no reason to expect they will be told fewer lies than we — as intelligentsia — were brought up on.

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"The Oxford Miscellany" (Oxford) offers "books or collections of minor compass, some of obvious importance, some recommended for pleasant reading by the affectionate insistence of their admirers". In this latter classification the editors have included "Jane Taylor: Prose and Poetry", a neat little volume of wit and piety from the pen of her who wrote "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star". If books could share the quaint vogue of Godey prints and the horrendous china and glassware of the early nineteenth century, this little book would doubtless find a niche as a literary curiosity. Its appeal, however, must remain confined to those who have a collector's interest in that period of conscious and flowery propriety. The book's most interesting contribution is a series of excerpts from Jane Taylor's novel, "Display", a work which stands up well beside Jane Austen.

An engaging and sympathetic study is Rollo Walter Brown's "Dean Briggs" (Harper), the biography of, and a tribute to, Harvard's dean. The many thousand graduates to whom the dean is more than a name will greet with enthusiasm this affectionate recital of his amiable and forceful qualities. Those of us not so fortunate as to fall within this category can read with pleasure how he became so well beloved as professor, dean, renovator of college athletics, president of Radcliffe College, and generally father confessor to a large university. The book is a lesson in what modern education can become in the hands of a tireless individualist with the courage of his convictions.

John Paris takes his Japan with a difference. His realistic novels about that land have convinced some readers that to him the national flower a simple cherry blossom is, and it is nothing more. Yet one does not devote himself so assiduously and so understandingly to material that is uncongenial. "Banzai" (Boni, Liveright), which holds valiantly to the unsentimental point of view of "Kimono" and "Sayonara", is not a novel, but the life story of one Ono Takao, an "abarémono" or wild fellow, encountered by the author in London. Mr. Paris reconstructs Ono's career from his birth in the province of Etchu through his years as a student, sailor, and airman, to the moment of his strange and not wholly honorable disappearance. Ono was not one to gloss over the minutiæ of his erotic experiences among the geisha and jero, nor is Mr. Paris the author to expurgate this side of his hero's pilgrimage—a fact which may account for a part of the book's popularity abroad. The volume is amusing and informative, however you take it. And the moral seems to be, as indicated in the dramatic conclusion, that you can't teach any new tricks to an abarémono.

Despite the conjecture to be drawn from its title, "When James Gordon Bennett was Caliph of Bagdad" (Funk, Wagnalls) by Albert Stevens Crockett is not a biography of the unpopular proprietor of the New York "Herald". It is the interesting record of Mr. Crockett's many years' journalistic service in the employ of the "Commodore", chiefly as London, Paris, and Continental correspondent of the Bennett newspapers. The position, necessitating frequent contact with the eccentric magnate, had difficulties proportionate to its advantages, both of which depended wholly upon the varying will and favor of the master. A distinct and lifelike portrait of the sec-

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ond Bennett in old age, veracious and impartial, is achieved by Mr. Crockett, which should rank with the best that have hitherto been done of that aloof and lonely personage.

"The Fool in Christ: Emanuel Quint", Gerhart Hauptmann's first novel and still his fictional masterpiece, has been given a merited reissue by the Viking Press, with a preface by Ernest Boyd. This exalted story of a modern German peasant impelled by religious mania to emulate a distorted Christ ideal, his sufferings at the hands of a hostile world, his hallucinated endeavor to reclaim mankind, is told with poignant and tremendous power. Even though the futile and befuddled Emanuel is but a dwarf shadow of the Savior's legendary figure, the book is surely the most eloquent version in existence of the theme embodying the return of Christ to earth today.

Charlemagne Tower's two volume "The Marquis de La Fayette in the American Revolution" (Lippincott) is not a new work. It still remains — after more than thirty years — the authoritative book on its subject and, unlike many another expensive historical work, instead of passing into the limbo of the out of print now celebrates its third impression. Mr. Tower has covered the American career of the man who, after Washington, is perhaps the Revolution's most picturesque and colorful individual figure, from his first coming to the Colonies in 1777 to his last visit to the United States in 1825. The book is a valuable commentary on the whole Revolution, especially in its French connections.

In an age when biography can legitimately claim existence as a thing of charm as well as an index to great minds, it seems a pity that the more casual biographers do not get beyond factual accounts and Boswellian adulation. Lorine Pruette, in summing up for posterity "G. Stanley Hall" (Appleton), is in these respects a regular literary sinner. This fact is the more deplorable because Dr. Pruette lets one know, in certain colorful and revealing glimpses of the psychologist in action, that her seriousness is capable of a sparkle sometimes, in pleasant imagery. The exposition of some of Stanley Hall's ideas concerning hunger, fear, and anger in relation to the evolution of the race is interesting on its own account. But certain conclusions about sex here recorded bear challenging in the light of modern psychoanalytic investigation.

"The Romantic Theory of Poetry" by A. E. Powell (Longmans, Green) is as substantial, as well reasoned, and as penetrating a volume of criticism as one is likely to find amid the year's output. In essence, the book represents "an examination in the light of Croce's Æsthetic"; but it also represents an examination in the light of the author's own views and convictions. The investigation is conducted with a scholarly command of the subject matter and the results are tabulated in a clear and accomplished style. The author casts a vivid illumination upon the world of Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Blake, and others of the romantics, and at the same time sets up a convincing and vital standard for poetic evaluation and appreciation.

Robert H. Davis reminisces humorously and edifyingly of his early association with the late heavyweight champion in his book "'Ruby Robert', alias Bob Fitzsimmons" (Doran), a short volume which one finishes with

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regret for its brevity. Mr. Davis tells the story of his reportorial assignment, nearly thirty years ago, to cover the famous Fitzsimmons-Corbett battle at Carson City from the camp and corner of the challenger; of how the job soon broadened into that of secretarial assistant and friend of the simple but formidable Cornishman. There are numerous amusing anecdotes and incidents in the narrative, which is concerned more with the personal qualities of "Fitz" and his home life with various wives during the years that followed Carson City than with the progress of his fistic career ere the mighty Jeffries laid him low. W. O. McGeehan contributes an introduction, mourning the days and gladiators of the recent past and condemning the commercialism into which present pugilism has fallen.

Herman Bernstein's volume, "The Road to Peace" (Frank-Maurice), contains the series of sixteen interviews which the author obtained last year with leading political and literary men of our time on the problem of maintaining tranquillity among the nations. The Americans whose views of this world wide difficulty are quoted number Herbert Hoover, Senator Borah, and Owen D. Young; authoritative British opinion is represented by Lord Balfour, Havelock Ellis, and Hall Caine; the spokesmen for France are Paul Painleve, Romain Rolland, and Henri Barbusse; Hjalmar Schacht and Alfred Kerr voice the pacifist aspirations of Germany, while Leonid Krassin and Christian Rakovsky are strong in their protestations of Soviet Russia's desire for universal peace. President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia and his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. Benes, utter persuasive pleas for the preservation of international unity, and Premier Grabski of Poland speaks with wisdom in kindred vein.

Most biographers, in common with embalmers, aim at adulation. They display a readiness to revamp old subjects which amounts, practically, to feverishness. And sometimes they even make them look natural. In "Thomas Jefferson" (Lippincott) William Eleroy Curtis has done a Jefferson no more human, perhaps, than Mr. Parton's, Mr. Carpenter's, or Mr. Randall's. His volume, now in reprint, has always been considered a bit inaccurate by some authorities. But as a whole his picture is the conventional one. It is that of the noble soul, which Jefferson wasn't; the happy sage of Monticello, which seems doubtful; and the allegory of virtue, which may or may not have been. To the thoughtful mind there is a sadness about these Jeffersons who appear so regularly. They are all a trifle stiff in the neck, long in the knee — and they try so desperately to resemble the pleasant portraits of Gilbert Stuart. Biography, like criticism, does better when it is less gentlemanly.

It is a difficult task that Joseph T. Shipley has attempted in "Modern French Poetry" (Greenberg), for to the laborious duties of the anthologist he has added the still more onerous work of the translator. Therefore one must be tolerant if the completed product is not in every respect what one might desire; if the translations are in many cases stiff and unfinished; and if in some instances a French classic as rendered by Mr. Shipley fails to make a presentable English poem. The results which Mr. Shipley has achieved are most uneven, yet he is to be commended for giving many lyrics a felicitous English dress.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

Any intelligent person who had been marooned on an island of the seas for, say, a dozen years, out of touch with the world, could bring himself up to date by no more reading than the two dozen books listed below provide. Here is a cross section of the life and thought of America—of the world—today, complete, comprehensive. Everything is in this list, from flapperism to the causes of the war. Just how the supposititious islander is to get hold of this particular collection may puzzle the reader. The answer is simple. They will be salvaged from the wreckage of a "round the world" steamship; for every intelligent tourist starting off this summer for a tour of circumnavigation will carry these twenty four books, or a collection including at least most of these titles, as the most necessary part of his luggage.—F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	The Private Life of Helen of Troy	*John Erskine*	BOBBS
2.	Gentlemen Prefer Blondes	*Anita Loos*	LIVERIGHT
3.	The Hounds of Spring	*Sylvia Thompson*	LITTLE
4.	The Blue Window	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
5.	An American Tragedy	*Theodore Dreiser*	LIVERIGHT
6.	Wild Geese	*Martha Ostenso*	DODD
7.	Appassionata*	*Fannie Hurst*	KNOPF
8.	Pig Iron	*Charles G. Norris*	DUTTON
9.	After Noon*	*Susan Ertz*	APPLETON
10.	Soundings	*A. Hamilton Gibbs*	LITTLE
11.	Hangman's House*	*Donn Byrne*	CENTURY
12.	The Perennial Bachelor	*Anne Parrish*	HARPER

GENERAL

1.	Why We Behave Like Human Beings	*G. A. Dorsey*	HARPER
2.	Abraham Lincoln	*Carl Sandburg*	HARCOURT
3.	The Man Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
4.	Intimate Papers of Colonel House	*Charles Seymour*	HOUGHTON
5.	Jefferson and Hamilton	*Claude G. Bowers*	HOUGHTON
6.	Twenty-Five Years	*Viscount Grey of Fallodon*	STOKES
7.	Our Times*	*Mark Sullivan*	SCRIBNER
8.	The Travel Diary of a Philosopher	*Count Keyserling*	HARCOURT
9.	The Revolt of Modern Youth*	*Lindsey and Evans*	LIVERIGHT
10.	Microbe Hunters*	*Paul de Kruif*	HARCOURT
11.	The Fruit of the Family Tree	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
12.	Israel	*Ludwig Lewisohn*	LIVERIGHT

* This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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THE SEVEN SEAS

A Book on Cardinal Mercier — André Maurois Again — Eating as an Art — A Peruvian Looks at Pussyfoot — "China Gone Mad" — Octave Aubry's Historical Romances — Pierre Mille's "Christine et Lui" — America and England through German Eyes — Schnitzler's New Book

FROM Belgium comes the news that a book on the late Cardinal Mercier is in preparation. A series of chapters is being contributed by various important persons. These will include a chapter on the Cardinal's private life by Professor Charles Mercier, and chapters on his philosophic works, his social work, his call to the priesthood, and his activities during the war, by various professors. His relations with foreign countries are dealt with by representatives of those countries. Mrs. Charles Kellogg writes for the United States and G. K. Chesterton for England.

It is intended that the book shall be "a mosaic — realizing unity in variety". It is to be profusely illustrated with autographed photographs of many celebrated people who wish to associate themselves with this tribute to the Cardinal's memory. The list of names already prepared by the committee responsible for the production of the work includes the King of the Belgians, Marshals Foch and Pétain, Mr. Hoover, Brand Whitlock, and M. Venizelos.

* * * *

Reviewers must find it difficult to keep pace with André Maurois's output. The theme of his latest volume, "Bernard Quesnay", is one which has already attracted a number of American novelists and playwrights. Which counts for most in a man's life, his business or his love affairs? Is it possible for him to devote himself to both at the same time? In the case of Bernard Quesnay, son and grandson of a family of cloth manufacturers in Normandy, the question is a particularly difficult one. While one side of his nature is attracted by the problems involved in the management of his factory, which he considers less as a source of income than as a vital factor in the economic life of the community, another part of his brain yearns for the pleasures, intellectual and otherwise, typified by his charming Parisian mistress. In fairness to the author I shall not disclose the solution of the problem, which is developed with his usual clarity of expression.

It is interesting to recall that the issues involved in the management of the factory, for example the details of actual manufacture, the fluctuations in the sale of cloth since the war, are subjects with which M. Maurois is particularly familiar. Before he took up writing he owned and directed the operations of several large mills at Elbeuf. We may suspect, therefore, that certain passages of "Bernard Quesnay" are more or less autobiographical, or at least the result of first hand observation.

One or two of the minor characters are not altogether free from conventionality, but Quesnay himself is a notable creation. Simone too is exquisite — though we see too little of

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her. The description of "Pont sur l'Eure" where the factory is situated, and the vignettes of Antwerp, London, and postwar Paris are executed with the delicacy of touch one has learned to expect from the author. At the same time, the discussion of the relations between capital and labor and the privileges and responsibilities of the head of an industrial enterprise is an interesting expression of a very definite point of view. As a story the book is absorbing and satisfying. Moreover, its abundance of carefully selected detail should make it, in years to come, a singularly vivid and expressive picture of certain phases of present day life and thought.

* * * *

In these days of Pirandellian paradox it is not surprising to find writers boldly coming forward to defend many of the frailties to which humanity is subject. Ignorance, untidiness, snobbishness, egoism, the love of malicious gossip, greediness — all find brilliantly able "devil's advocates" in Abel Bonnard, Gerard Bauer, Marcel Boulanger, Paul Souday, Abel Hermant, and Jean Louis Vaudoyer. How did the publisher happen to choose these particular authors? Did he suggest to each that he was notoriously qualified to defend such and such a *vice aimable?* At any rate, the public likely to be interested in these slim elegant little essays, each published separately, should prove a wide one, since we are all only too glad to discover excellent reasons for preserving pet weaknesses.

While each of the volumes possesses that effervescent sparkle of wit and apparently irrefutable logic so characteristic of all manifestations of *l'esprit français* at its best, Vaudoyer's "Eloge de la Gourmandise" deserves, I think, special mention. To M. Vaudoyer the gourmet or even the gourmand is a reverent disciple of one of the major arts. His palate responds to flavors as the eye of the painter does to color, or the ear of the musician to harmony. There are various analogies to be discovered between eating and the other arts. "The canvases of Vermeer of Delft, the King of Painters, have the smoothness of foie gras, the subtlety of shad roe. Goya's blacks have at times bluish tints in them like the shell of a mussel; again, they have the velvety tones of a truffle, or the silver shimmer we find on caviar." Before a picture by Watteau the author thinks of a delicate, tender lamb chop lying on a bed of early green peas as the painter's eighteenth century shepherds and shepherdesses recline under the slim trees of a park in L'Ile de France.

For the musician who is also a student of gastronomy "hors d'œuvres rattle against the palate like the notes of a snare drum, a chicken can be as perfect as a violin solo, while roasts have the majesty of cellos and the salad stings with the shrill sweetness of the fife."

M. Vaudoyer pursues his analogies into the field of literature and even into that of feminine psychology. Here he is most entertaining but not always translatable. It is unfortunate that the author limits himself to French or at any rate to Continental dishes. We should have enjoyed the parallels he would doubtless have established between New England pies and the philosophy of the Concord School, the short stories of Bret Harte and the taste of California fruit — to say nothing of the correlation between the temperament of a débutante and her consumption of ice cream sodas. Remembering Jurgen's catholicism in the matter of drinks, one is tempted to wonder to what gastronomic parallel

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M. Vaudoyer would have been inspired by James Branch Cabell.

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By birth a Peruvian, educated in France, resident for a number of years in various parts of the United States, Victor Llona, author of "Les Pirates du Whiskey", is admirably equipped to view the phenomenon of prohibition with a truly international detachment. It is rather a pity, therefore, to find him dealing with his subject from a melodramatic and sensational angle. One cannot help suspecting that the author was thinking all the time about writing a movie scenario rather than a serious novel. This impression is strengthened by the presence of all the customary accessories. The scene on the yacht, the pursuit of the hero's launch by the revenue officers, the orgy in the artist's studio — we are spared none of these familiar episodes. Llona finds opportunities to indulge in a number of interesting generalities about American civilization, or what passes as such, in general, and the psychology of American women in particular. Some of these remarks are complimentary, some distinctly not so. All indicate a first hand knowledge of the subject and considerable study of the various types of the species.

The reception of the book in Paris was a curious one. The papers printed in English and expressing the point of view of the Anglo-Saxon colony devoted much space to the novel and considered it an entertaining story without the least partizan bias. Several French critics, on the other hand, spoke of "Les Pirates" as a vitriolic indictment of the so called "*civilisation yankee*". The author was obliged to disclaim, in an open letter to Eugene Montfort, editor of the magazine "Les Marges", this interpretation of his novel.

"China Gone Mad" (Albert Michel, Paris) is the title of Albert Londres's witty book on China of the present day. It is evident that M. Londres is not a warm partizan of the Chinese, but at the same time it would be unfair to say that he is prejudiced against them. In this book he holds up to ridicule the chaos of present day Chinese institutions; indeed, it is difficult not to laugh at his graphic picture of a republic, complete with president, existing simultaneously with an empire, emperor and empress, eunuchs and favorites. Neither president nor emperor has any real authority, nor do any ministers appear to exercise control. Neither police nor parliament function regularly, and prominent soldiers and statesmen behave much as they please. The book contains an amusing story of the ex-bandit Tsang-Tso-Lin who gave M. Londres a signed photograph, proud of the fact that he had just learned to write his name.

There is of course another and more serious side to the chaos in China, but the pen of M. Londres makes sparkling play out of the laughable aspects of the situation. Seen through this witty Parisian's eyes, the affairs of modern China are conducted on approved comic opera lines.

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I have already referred in these notes to the series of books by Octave Aubry projected by the Librairie Fayard under the general title of "Romance in History". Of these volumes, two have already appeared: "Le Roi Perdu", a romance of Louis XVII; and "Un Grand Amour Caché de Napoléon — Marie Walewska". I am able to state that the subject of M. Aubry's next historical romance in this series is Casanova. In a recent interview M. Aubry draws an interesting

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comparison between the methods of Alexandre Dumas and his own. "Dumas", he says, "made use of memoirs, and chronicles of the epoch in which he proposed to lay his scene of action, then gave full rein to his imagination, indifferent to historical accuracy. What I am setting out to do, on the contrary, is to reconstruct as exactly as possible the atmosphere and the personalities of my characters, relying on authenticated documents." M. Aubry adds that the author who seems to him to have come nearest to this ideal is René Benjamin with his "Vie Prodigieuse de Balzac".

* * * *

Pierre Mille's "Christine et Lui" is an indirect attack on the artificiality of civilization. As a novel, its construction is open to criticism, but there is no denying the force of M. Mille's powerful analysis of human emotions. The story is told in the first person, a man writing his recollections of a love affair with a woman his senior by ten years. The story begins with the woman newly married and the man as a boy ten years old. There is a gap of several years, and we have a penetrating study of the virile adolescent love of a young man. The woman is chafing under the marriage tie and is temperamentally cold. His passion cannot be curbed and the idyl is spoiled. Again the story jumps, this time to Madagascar twenty years later. On the point of returning to France, the man discovers in the little port a broken down wreck of a human being — the son of Christine and her husband. The story is then enveloped in tragedy.

No synopsis can do justice to the remarkable quality of this poignant story. It ought to be translated into English, and doubtless will be.

The "Frankfurter Zeitung" is well to the fore in criticism of America and of England, in the persons of Dr. Arthur Feiler, with his "America — Europe", and Rudolf Kircher with his book on "Englishmen". Both these representatives of the famous German newspaper are illuminating critics. Although Dr. Feiler was in America for only three months he saw in that relatively short time a very great deal, in spite of the fact that he made no survey of the south. His impressions of Chicago, the vast automobile industry, American education and farming, and above all America's racial problems, are recorded intelligently and with humor, if not always sympathetically. His emphasis on the fundamental differences which exist, and are bound to exist, between America and Europe reveals the mind of an acute observer and a trained thinker. Dr. Feiler's views on the future of America are specially interesting.

Herr Kircher, as the resident London correspondent of his newspaper, is well qualified to judge English character. In a series of urbane essays he reviews the personalities of many British statesmen — Stanley Baldwin, Sir Austen Chamberlain, Lord Oxford, Winston Churchill. Other British celebrities with whom he deals entertainingly are Dean Inge, Lady Astor, Jack Hobbs, and G. K. Chesterton.

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Arthur Schnitzler's new book, "Traumnovelle", will be published this summer by Fischer of Berlin. I understand it is a shortish book, and, like "Fräulein Else", has a strong Freudian flavoring. A young Viennese doctor is the central figure of the story, which is concerned with "dreams and realities".

MICHAEL JOSEPH

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

FOR the first summer in years that I can remember New York City is quiet in a literary manner of speaking. All morning long I sit and pound my faithful Jennie — the Remington — and no one arrives to bring manuscripts or to discuss books. Actually, it is lonely. The morning mail is spotted with foreign stamps and northern postmarks. Literature is being made in Italy, France, Germany, and Maine — American literature, I mean. To be sure, the charming Ellen Glasgow arrives from Richmond, meets famous critics, is as charming as ever according to hearsay, but does not let me know she is in town; to be sure, Ramon Guthrie arrives from Tucson, Arizona, with stories of John Galsworthy and Sinclair Lewis in that western metropolis of genius. In the main, however, it is only the business man who remains to enjoy the cool beauty of this summer day. Occasionally a literary lady, like the beauteous Genevieve Taggard, all clad in delicate green with a white hat, comes in to detach a rose from my desk and discuss poetry over the inkwells. Occasionally a literary agent like Ann Watkins breezes through the door, bearing the fine tan of summer home days and a bushel of ideas. The publishers are the busy ones, framing their autumn lists, polishing here, paring there, getting ready to drive home the books already planned and ready for distribution. This morning it is announced that Owen Davis has increased the list of persons on the play jury panel by four hundred. I can't understand why some of us aren't included, since our well known puritanical tendencies would recommend us. It is bitter to be forgotten; however, we might have to see a questionable play — more than once, I mean — and that would never do. Heywood Broun, busily penning his life of Anthony Comstock, becomes lither and more graceful with every passing month, and I hear that Mordkin, the Russian dancer, has successfully started a class for American business men in æsthetic dancing. This Broadway influence — this Russian invasion! This influence of H. L. Mencken on the masses! Did you think, oh sage of Baltimore, that you would drive Babbitts to titillation of the toes?

Barney Gallant's place has closed for the summer, alas and alack! Heywood Broun discovered it to me shortly before it closed. When last seen there, Heywood was engaged in a violent discussion of Yale football with Di Gates, and the engaging leader of the orchestra was discussing English literature with Aldous Huxley. What I am still trying to find out is, who the young lady was who so violently danced the Charleston. To be sure, Patricia Salmon was there; and a clever young lady she is. Summer brings many discoveries. For one thing, I had never before been to the Château Laurier, a most interesting place on City Island overlooking the water where yachts are anchored (my companion insisted that they were rum runners), where a good orchestra plays softly, and all is as it should be. As yet, I have not visited Coney Island, nor taken a swim; but all that in time — and even golf this year. It seems that one cannot write these days without playing golf, so since my

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writing needs improvement I shall take up the game; from now on, you shall hear nothing of literature and much of the turf — or is it the green? Peggy Wood is back in town and more beautiful than ever. Her husband, Johnny Weaver, writes from his movie fastnesses that the motion picture is his lost art, or words to that effect. Donald Ogden Stewart, after finishing "Brown of Harvard" for the motion pictures, decided to become engaged, and by the time this appears in print will be an old married man. Marc Connelly, as filled with the spriteliness of youth as usual, ventured to the coast to attend the ceremony and, incidentally, to have a look or two at Hollywood. I met Harry Burton, editor of "McCall's", for the first time recently, and was astounded at his youth and enthusiasm. He is, perhaps, the most mysterious of the editors, for one seldom sees him. His answer to that is that editing is editing, and not conversation. A pity, for his kind is sadly needed in many gatherings in these parts.

Young ladies are again coming to the forefront in the world of literature. It seems that "The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion", which everyone always knew was written by some living person, was in reality the product of the emotional brain of a young Irish flapper. Magdalen King-Hall is the damsel who has succeeded in capturing the minds of England and America with a near-hoax, under her nom de plume of Cleone Knox. She is a young person of twenty, so it is said, and her picture, taken with a large shaggy dog, makes her look a trifle like a darker Elinor Wylie. Her father is a British Admiral, Sir George King-Hall. The book was written by the girl as a prank in Quinton Castle, where she has lived

most of her life, on the rugged north coast of Ireland. Then there is Esther Forbes, writing of early years in Boston in "O Genteel Lady!" Miss Forbes is the daughter of a prominent judge of Worcester, Massachusetts. For some unexplained reason she left New England to attend the University of Wisconsin. While in the employ of Houghton Mifflin Company, it is said, she "discovered" Sabatini. Since her marriage early in the year she has devoted her time to writing. In fact the proofs of this first novel were corrected by her on her honeymoon. At the moment she is off, tourist third, for Europe. It will be her fifth trip. She has been an active young lady, for she discovered Constantinople at the age of fifteen and acted as a farmerette in Virginia during the war. Another exceedingly youthful and exceedingly successful person is Ethel E. Mannin, who has written several novels and whose "Sounding Brass" has caused a flurry in England. She appears gentle, shy, pretty, very young. She is indeed

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all of these things; but she has a caustic wit and an observing eye. Her book is smart, cruel, wise. In America, she

Ethel E. Mannin

was puzzled by many things. She liked the women, disliked skyscrapers, but I heard her express no opinion concerning the men. Having written stories ever since she was a child, she published early fairy stories and poems in various English magazines. This seemed an impractical procedure to her family, so at fifteen she went as stenographer to an advertising agency. Here she advanced rapidly and soon became editor of a theatrical magazine. After her marriage she turned to writing. This young woman should go far. She has a keen journalistic sense and a real determination to write well. I hope that she will return to America soon. She is thoroughly charming, and you'd never suspect her of being serious minded.

Ronald Firbank's American publishers announce that on June 7 Mr. Firbank, the most pronounced of all the sophisticated writers of sophisticated romances, died in Rome where he was writing an American novel. Mr. Firbank did not want to come to America for his locale but wished to make it imaginative as he did with "Prancing Nigger". On their fall list Brentano's have announced the tentative publication of "Valmouth", which was first published in London in 1919. Mr. Firbank had offered to revise "Valmouth" as he did "Prancing Nigger", but these revisions have not yet been received. Other of Mr. Firbank's books that have been published in America are "The Flower Beneath the Foot" and "Vainglory". Arthur Annesley Ronald Firbank, the second and only surviving son of the late Major Sir Joseph Thomas Firbank, M. P., was born in London in 1886. He was educated on the Continent and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and traveled extensively, living in London, Spain, and Portugal. He spent the winter months in Rome.

Charles Hanson Towne has become the new editor of "Harper's Bazar", replacing the urbane Henry Sell who goes to the newly reorganized Butterick Company. Mr. Sell has proved as brilliant an editor of a fashion magazine as he did of the book page of the Chicago "Daily News". He has a fine editorial mind and is also a good executive. For Mr. Towne, we have the most kindly wishes. He has been too long absent from the editorial circle. He is one of our best editors, and in "Harper's Bazar" I believe he has found a magazine exactly fitted to his special talents. Mr. Towne is one of those persons to whom the gods were a bit too prodigal in their gifts. That is why he will always be a greater editor than writer. He is poet, actor, wit, novelist, essayist, critic — and he is good at all

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of them. He has taste. He knows social manners and matters. What better qualifications could the editor of a smart magazine have? I advise you to watch the pages of his magazine. You will find them filled with wit and beauty, both of which he knows well. I suppose there is not a friendlier man in the world than Charlie Towne, unless perchance it be the renowned editor of "Vanity Fair", Frank Crowninshield. This friendliness is genuine. It is not coupled with shrewdness, and that is why everyone in the editorial fraternity heard with joy of this new appointment, and why authors, publishers, and all concerned, including the public, will do everything in their power to make Mr. Towne's new duties pleasant and successful.

The new edition of "Rollo's Journey to Cambridge", that delightful bit of foolery from "Harvard Lampoon" columns of 1879–1880, is a delight to the eye and of great fascination to the chords which respond to humor. Edward S. Martin writes the foreword, which in itself is enough to recommend the volume to the American public. His final paragraph is inimitable:

> Rollo is now about fifty years old. Fifty years in time is just the tipping of an eyelid, but in human life it is apt to include a good many jolts. Fifty years after Rollo our world is still considerably afflicted by the activities of tough characters. Whatever the imagination can conceive seems liable to come true if time and circumstances favor. Young men in 1876 could imagine how bad boys can be. We in 1926 do not have to imagine it: we just read the newspapers. For that reason it seems possible that the movie rights of Rollo may be valuable.

Another volume of luxurious beauty is "Squire Osbaldeston: His Autobiography", edited by E. D. Cuming, with an introduction by the editor of "The Field", Sir Theodore Cook. It is one of the finest sport books I have ever seen. Are there not many people who collect these amazing volumes that occasionally come floating out of England, with their exquisite prints and their vivid anecdotes? I hope so. Probably if I visited more country houses I'd find them on many a hunting room and den table.

"Sparks and Embers" is written by a poet who is determined to succeed. This charming lady from the midwest, Edna Denham Raymond, was inspired in her youth by James Whitcomb Riley, in whose home she often visited. She has always been devoted to the arts, she tells me, and she showed me numerous enchanting photographs of herself in the costumes in which she gives dramatic recitals. I can do no more than quote her publisher's estimate of her verses, which seems to settle the matter:

> Her verses are characterized by a simplicity of imagination and conception and a purity of style that gives them an unusual interest. They are intensely natural and in theme or treatment are never stilted.
>
> The spirit of humanity, with its aspirations, its frailties, and its longings, breathes through her verses, touches always a responsive chord in the reader and leaves him with a kindlier and more generous feeling toward life and toward his fellowman.
>
> Her poems deserve to live.

Mr. Doran has returned from London. How I envy him his London days and nights with men whose names alone are the keys to fascinating conversation — with Bennett and Wells, with Swinnerton and Walpole, with Maugham and Burke — and a Paris night or two with Michael Arlen and his artist friends thrown in for good measure. I take my life in my hands in publishing an extract from an article by Newman Flower in "T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly". Perhaps my justification, if I need one, is that I talk much in these pages about myself and

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all too seldom of my chief. Mr. Flower writes:

> In 1908 he began to publish for himself, and in eighteen years he has built up one of the greatest publishing businesses in the States. He declared that he would publish any book with this proviso, which is his slogan:
>
> "I will publish any book that does not destroy a man's simple faith in God without providing an adequate substitute, and I will publish any book that does not destroy the sanctity of marriage without providing an adequate substitute."
>
> They are strong reservations from which he has declined to budge an inch. They constitute the law of a man of principle, who will watch unmoved a "big seller" pass him if it does not conform to that law.
>
> Arnold Bennett came into the picture at a very early stage. Bennett has discovered a number of writers, he has assisted the tills of many publishers, but I do not know that he would actually claim to have made a publisher. But he did a good deal towards making Doran.
>
> Truthfully speaking, I believe it was Mrs. Doran who began the Bennett matter. She had read a copy of his "Old Wives' Tale" which had come over from London and she telephoned to her husband at the office to secure it at once as it was the greatest novel she had read for years. The book was secured, it was the first important novel Doran published. For a year it failed to catch on, then it began to move. Doran put out another Bennett, then another. The wheels moved faster. He built up Bennett in the States, and, in doing it, built up his business, because the American success of Bennett drew other British writers one by one to Doran. It was one of the most successful matings of author and publisher that I know.

After ten years of unexpressed desire to paint, and five of unexpressed desire to play the piano, I bought me a paint box and took to the piano. Both activities are to be recommended; they waste time beautifully if you have any to waste. Most people read in order to rest. Reading is no rest for me, except in the case of detective stories. Mind you, I don't say that it is not a pleasure; but it is certainly not a rest. Now painting is a delight in every way. You can play with shape, form, and color. You can create a thing which to you seems beautiful, and that's really all that matters if you are not a professional artist and have no intention of selling your painting. Writing poetry is much the same, except that it takes a more intensive application, and there is no actual physical movement to allay the creative energy. After painting ten pictures of the mountains in various lights and shades, I gave away my paint box and shall probably not attempt any such foolishness for another ten years. The piano, however, is a different matter. I am still trying vainly to master the "Blues", as presented in the fascinating new volume edited by W. C. Handy. So far, the time escapes me. I do wish that someone would volunteer to show me how to do it. Just as I think the rhythm is right, I am overcome with a suspicion that it's all wrong. Jazz is so definitely a thing of cities that it was with horror that I saw in springtime Vermont, along the roads and among the hills, bands of jolly carpenters erecting dance pavilions. It's all wrong! The natives should dance along the hillsides if they must dance. Vermont in spring is a place I had almost forgotten — the apple blossoms, the lilacs, the dogwood, the trillium, the woods flowering day by day into early summer bloom. It is beauty beyond compare. I know of no way to describe the sunsets from the porch at Bread Loaf, where a little later the Summer School of English with its quota of students will find evening pleasure. From the woods and hills come the songs of hermit thrush, wood thrush, whippoorwill, and the far, high flung note of the whitethroat sparrow. And no one, not even Robert Frost, has done justice to the dancing, graceful, prodigally growing birch trees, fairy figures among the light spring green and against the dark pines.

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A tangerine sari encrusted with gold, anklets of tiny bells, bracelets of wax and confetti gems, recently came from India where the Denishawn dancers are

Jacket illustration from "The American Ballet"

stopping off before their return to this country the middle of next winter. In the meantime, arrives Ted Shawn's book of the dance, "The American Ballet", with a preface by Havelock Ellis and photographs of Ruth St. Denis and her partner. It is not a dull book on the technique of dancing — and there is nothing more deadly to read — but the lively expression of Mr. Shawn's enthusiasms, his creed, his opinions. His comments on "Jazz-the-Great-American-Art-Form" come at a time when most of us are a trifle bored with the salaaming of New York's intelligentsia to the god of blues: "There has been a great deal of talk about jazz being the American dance — that our contribution to the history of the dance is jazz, and I greatly resent that because I think it is the line of least resistance, that it is the negative side of American life expressing itself, not the positive side." And since even dancers cannot exist without food and lodging, although they have successfully done away with clothes, Mr. Shawn makes a veiled plea for a patron saint. I hope his dream of an experimental school comes true. Surely there are worse ways of expending wealth in this country, and anyone who has ever seen a Denishawn performance must come away convinced that these are great artists and that the American ballet should be given its chance.

In the scant and scandalous revue at the Winter Garden called "The Great Temptations" I was interested to note that the only books mentioned were "Nize Baby", "The Cross Word Puzzle Books", and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes". Poor Miss Loos! Or, perhaps, not so poor. She should hear herself being discussed these days by any group of intelligent persons. The discussion is almost as avid as that of Professor John Erskine, who seems to be the first person that every lady visiting New York City desires to meet. Is Miss Loos naive? the curious ask. Is this her life story? So it goes. Miss Loos is a beautiful, attractive, sparkling, pleasant woman. Is she naive? I suppose she is at times. Is she sophisticated? How could she help being sophisticated when she has worked in the motion picture field for years? She is the kindly wife of John Emerson, president of the Actors' Equity Association and one of the nicest men to be found in the Broadway reaches. She wrote "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" under another title for "Harper's Bazar". The famous title was used as a phrase somewhere in the article, and it was Ray Long, I believe, who found it and said, "This is so good, why don't you do some more?" It is so that best sellers are born. As for titles, you should visit a publishing office on a day when the entire force suddenly tries to think of a better title for a new book. Authors have a way

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of putting on books titles which are totally and completely impossible from every angle. When you tell them this, they reply, "Yes, I know it's a terrible title, but I rather liked it." The author is always afraid of the obvious in a title, while the obvious is often what carries a good book to success — not always, of course, but often.

Jack Bethea of the Birmingham "Post" has written an article about the literary parental qualities displayed by a famous author. I quote in part:

Devoting his time and talents to the pursuit of an ideal — the ideal of a southern literary renaissance — Octavus Roy Cohen, author of such humorous stories about Negroes as "Bigger and Blacker", and of "thrillers" about white people such as "The Iron Chalice", has built up in Birmingham a young literary centre that promises more and more to be heard from — and which has already won substantial recognition from publishers.

It revolves around the Loafers, an organization — if you can use that term for something which has no bylaws, officers, or routine procedures — whose nine members are all successful writers; and, in turn, there is a host of other near-authors, would-be authors and never-will-be authors who look at the Loafers from afar, hope to become members some day and work at their typewriters far into the night in an effort to reach the coveted goal.

It is an interesting story — this tale of how a young newspaper man became one of the country's leading authors and how he is now assisting other young writers in his home town on the way toward literary success. It is a story that came to light only as the attention of magazine editors and fiction publishers was attracted to the extremely high per capita output of fiction offerings bearing a Birmingham postmark.

And when they looked for the cause, they found it in Octavus Roy Cohen and the Loafers Club. Actually, it isn't a club but a group of young writers who gather once a week in the spacious home of Octavus Roy Cohen for a literary clinic.

The word "clinic" is selected because it seems best to express the meaning. For this isn't any literary society; it makes no effort to criticize finished product; it reads no manuscripts for its members or any others; there is nothing that savors of the intelligentsia or of the literary critic. Instead, it is a gathering of young men who make their bread and butter by writing; who are interested in fiction because fiction is their vocation and who meet, not to toss cream puffs at each other, but to subject ideas to the acid test of critical scrutiny.

Someone should give Winthrop Ames a gold laurel wreath for his production of "Iolanthe". It is superb. May it be an "Abie's Irish Rose", so that we can all go to it monthly. Sam Merwin, it is, who repeats most often on "Iolanthe". In fact, I saw him there one night not long ago. Gloria Swanson, it is, who finds "The Wisdom Tooth" an eternal delight, and no wonder! Her husband, the Marquis, by the way, has become an author and has already sold several of his short stories. It is rumored that Gloria's new studio is to be near Croton-on-Hudson, which should please the Floyd Dells. Poor Nathalia Crane. She is just full of ancestors. Her publishers wonder whether or not she is "several reincarnations" and "whether infant prodigies are a matter of heredity". I don't know about reincarnation; but hybrid inheritance is always dangerous, and danger produces genius, doesn't it? As for Nathalia, she springs from the "grand old Spanish family of Abarbanels", from Priscilla Alden, from Stephen Crane. Since this inheritance has been announced other relatives and connections are cropping up or out, as the case may be. We find that Sarah Gertrude Millin, author of "God's Stepchildren", is her mother's first cousin. The famous explorer Paul Belloni du Chaillu is also a forebear. "When one follows the marvellous descriptions of tropical Africa in the pages of 'The Sunken Garden' one would suppose that the spirit of this particular relative, of the son of a French trader of Gabun, had entered into the girl and was guiding her pen.

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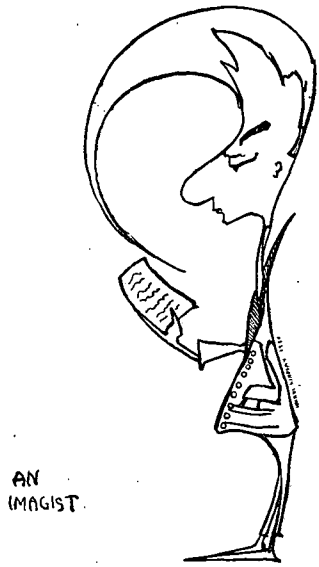
How else explain her apparent familiarity with this region? The child, who lives in Brooklyn, has never been farther from her home than Boston." Well, if Miss Crane can understand the wildernesses of Brooklyn she ought certainly not to have to go far to imagine Africa. She could at least visit Harlem.

Horace Green, the new president of Duffield and Company, gave a luncheon for Ethel Mannin. It was a flowery affair. By that, I mean that the table was covered with flowers, and Miss Mannin's book was all hidden in a beauteous cake with pink frosting — good cake too. Here I met several people with whom I have corresponded for years but whose faces I have never beheld: Miss Chapin, charming editress of "The Forum", Arthur Howden Smith who wrote "Porto Bello Gold", Mrs. McCord of Curtis Brown who made a graceful speech, and dark eyed Mrs. Lamburn who comes to America from "Pearson's" of London. Here we were told that there had been an addition to Vachel Lindsay's family, a new Miss Lindsay. A new copy of "The Village Magazine", Vachel's famous hobby, written and illustrated by himself, arrived recently. I take the liberty of quoting his pungent comment on imagism with his drawing to illustrate, since I have no radio picture of his daughter:

Did you ever see an imagist?
I wonder what they are?
I'd rather see an imagist
Than own a motor car.

Folded in the front of "The Village Magazine" is a reproduction of Mr. Lindsay's famous "Map of the Universe" issued in 1909. Another map, of more practical value though not one jot less picturesque, is Paul M. Paine's "The Map of America's Making". Mr. Paine, you will remember, was the creator of the fascinating "Map of Adventures". His new chart contains



tiny drawings in bright color suggestive of over two hundred events in American history, and placed in their proper geographical positions. I envy the fortunate children of today for whom history is being made a living, glowing wonder.

Elizabeth Murray, writer, traveler and lecturer, daughter of the late Senator Benjamin Franklin Murray of Iowa, announces that she, together with other worthy ladies and gentlemen, is about to found a "home to nourish genius". This scheme is sponsored by the Woman's History Foundation, Inc. They will house the gifted ones under the same roof. They will be kindly and paternal. The New York "Sun", in describing this enterprise, says: "The theory is that relieved of economic pressure and enabled to devote their entire time and energy to following their natural bents,

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they [the beneficiaries] will have ample opportunity to develop their potential genius and may in time accomplish great things." Picture it, gentle reader, this home which is to be built in Washington "near the Capitol", where geniuses in the arts and sciences may follow their natural bents. Come, come, dear lady! I appreciate the thought behind your plan, but I am afraid it is doomed to failure. You cannot cage the artistic temperament. The only way to patronize artists is to give them money and tell them to go to the devil and produce art. Some morning you will wake to find that you have put out of your home for disorderly conduct all the real geniuses, and have left only a series of tabby cats patting at typewriters and palettes as they would attack their knitting. I remember Professor Phelps and his famous remark: "Well, he's been dropped from Yale, he'll probably turn out to be a genius!" Lest I seem to criticize too severely Mrs. Murray's worthy motives, I do want to say that she is not alone in her feeling that genius can be harnessed — but in a home near the Capitol in Washington? I'm very much afraid not!

The reference library which the staff of this magazine cherishes mightily has lately been enriched by three diverse volumes. "A Dictionary of European Literature" is a stupendous affair compiled by Laurie Magnus, director of George Routledge and Sons, the London publishers. It includes articles on literary movements and on writers from the twelfth to the twentieth century. My only complaint is that it treats no living authors save Thomas Hardy and Georg Brandes. Perhaps a subsequent volume will remedy the deficiency. A dictionary of another sort is "Putnam's Complete Book of Quotations, Proverbs and Household Words". It differs from most other volumes of its kind in having the quotations arranged according to language and, in the English section, grouped by authors in alphabetical order. And it has won my heart completely by the handsome black thumb indexes which even its stalwart cousin, "Hoyt's", does not possess. "The Desk Reference Book" attempts, in one small volume "for office, home, and library", to dispense information concerning punctuation, spelling, the publishing of manuscripts, indexing, time and watch on board ship, and whatnot. Needless to say, the book can afford little more than a cursory glance at each. For "home and library", but scarcely for office, is "The Golden Rule Cook-Book", six hundred recipes for meatless dishes. By way of compensation, a frontispiece is allotted to two husky specimens of man's beef producing friends.

A newspaper clipping sent by George Grubb from London seems to me to prove that England is beginning to become aware with a vengeance of American publicity methods:

SALE BY WIRELESS

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH AS AUCTIONEER

Between acts of "No, No, Nanette" at the Palace Theatre, on Saturday night, Mr. George Grossmith auctioned by wireless on behalf of the "Daily News" Wireless for Hospitals Fund, a copy of Schloss's English Bijou Almanac for 1842.

Facing a microphone in his dressing-room, Mr. Grossmith through 2 L O, called for bids from Great Britain and from any other countries which might be listening.

Apparently some other countries were listening, for Mr. Grossmith, who seemed to be enjoying himself thoroughly, was heard conducting "conversations" with "bidders" from Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Pittsburgh, and other places in a number of languages.

In this way the "bids" rose to £11 at which point the "auctioneer" broke off. The auction is to be continued at midday on Wednesday. . . .

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